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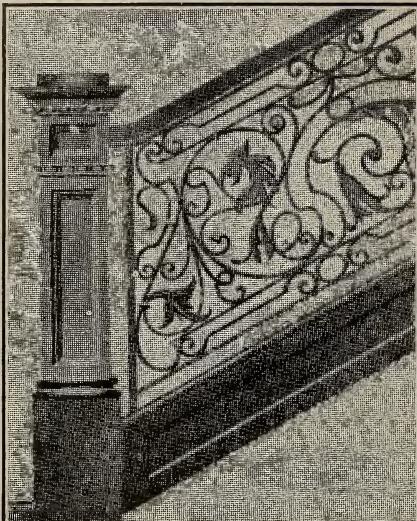
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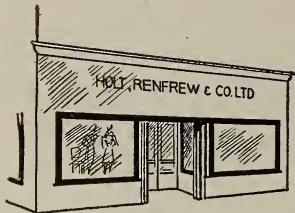
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W. J. A. CARNAHAN, President

1066 & 1887

WE'RE so poor at remembering historical dates that these are the only two about which we can be quite sure. And as we want to write some history, we really must put down 1066 and 1887, because who ever heard of history without dates?

In the year 1066 William the Conqueror landed on the south-east coast of England and defeated the Saxon King at the battle of Senlac (Hastings). The most enlightened authorities on history will confirm this statement.

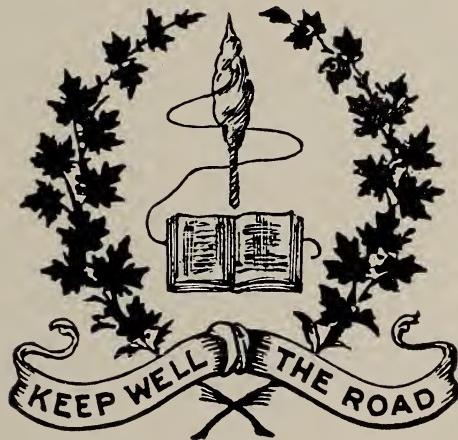
The second date 1887 is connected with an event that you will not find in your history books, but is one of tremendous importance to us. It is the date of the founding of the Burroughes firm. We were then furnishing homes for your grandparents. Later on we furnished homes for your parents, and some day we hope to furnish a home for you. Outside of remembering historical dates we are really a most dependable firm.



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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



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ANGELA RIDDELL

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BARBARA DREW-BROOK
MARY VAN WYCK

ELIZABETH KINNEAR
ANNE SOMERVILLE

ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE

AINSLIE McMICHAEL

- The - **SERIOUS SIDE**

Instead of making their social debut and stepping into a whirl of gaiety, many Branksome graduates will this year don working clothes and enter some branch of war activity.

For the first time many girls in their teens will be making money—good money at that. There will be the usual temptation to spend these earnings recklessly, perhaps foolishly. But the wiser will see an opportunity to put some away against the time when there will not be so much coming in.

It will be a good chance for girls who have money to spare to put aside a regular amount with which to pay the deposits on a life insurance policy—one of the best ways in which to save money. There are many sorts of policy and any one of our representatives will be glad to show you, without any obligation on your part, which one would be best suited to your needs. What you save today you will have tomorrow.

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OF CANADA
Established 1869
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Appointments
Head Girl—Isobel Coulthard

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Susan Davis	Angela Riddell
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Gaynor Powell	Patricia Stockton

DAY PREFECTS

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Sally Chapman	Sheila MacQueen
Zillah Caudwell	Peggy McKelvey
Alice Cochran	Shirle Milner
Patricia Grant	Elizabeth McKechnie
Jocelyn Hodge	Mary Playfair
Marion Hughes	Betty Sherman
Helen Lang	Elizabeth Shirriff

SUB-PREFECTS—(House)

Eve Beddow	Veronica Owen
Patricia Hobbs	Miriam Perry
Elizabeth Kinnear	Sonia Skinner

SUB-PREFECTS—(Day)

Suzette Livingston	Nancy Fairley
	Margaret Wilkinson

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MacGregor—Sarah Symons
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SHERBORNE HOUSE
The new residence, No. 3 Elm Avenue, recently purchased by the school.



The outstanding event in an outstanding year was Miss Read's visit to Dalhousie University to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. This recognition of her distinguished service in the educational field comes at a time when Miss Read is taking a leading part in the adaptation of school activities to war-time standards. By encouraging the girls to take part in war work our Principal has enabled us to direct our enthusiasm into useful channels.

Naturally, everyone wants to do her best toward winning the war and the peace. In the midst of this present war, a holiday of three months, such as we have had, seems a luxury not entirely suited to the time. And so the following suggestions have been put before the Branksome girls—suggestions which make it possible for every girl in the Senior School to do her part. First, and foremost, there has been the call from the Ontario Department of Labour for all girls of sixteen and over to join The Ontario Farm Service Force, and we are very proud of our record, because over seventy have answered this call.

Then there is the work of the Bolton Camp for underprivileged mothers and children. For many years now, a number of our girls have

assisted in this very fine piece of work and this year also, a large number are responding.

We have also been interested for the last few years in the "Visites interprovinciales" which arranges exchange visits of students between Ontario and Quebec, and believe that the girls who have gone have not only learned French but have helped in promoting good feeling between the French and English in Canada.

This summer, for those who are unable to leave the city, Branksome is providing a summer school, where girls will be given the opportunity to take courses which will be useful not only in this emergency but in the total education of girls and women.

In striving to reach the highest ideal of service in whatever field is open to us, let us remember the inspiring lines of our school song:

"Foes in plenty we shall meet,
Hearts courageous scorn defeat,
So we press with eager feet
Up and on.

Ever onward to the fight,
Ever upward to the light,
Ever true to God and right,
Up and on."



PORȚIA WHITE, CANADIAN CONTRALTO

On November 7th the School united with the Alumnae in presenting
Portia White at Eaton's Auditorium.



Princess Alice's Speech

The following is the text of the speech delivered by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, on the occasion of her visit to Branksome on October 15th, 1941:

"I can assure you and all the young people present what a genuine pleasure it gives me to visit this school today. For not only am I deeply interested in education itself, but I always feel particularly happy when I find myself in the company of young people. The very young present will probably say the reason is that I am on my way to my second childhood! But whatever the reason, one thing is certain: I am delighted to be here.

I am very glad to know that such a large number of girls from Great Britain, including a whole group of Sherborne girls, are attending Branksome and enjoying its benefits, and the pleasures of life in Canada. It is a splendid thing to travel far afield when you are young, and it is of great value to character building for both you and your Canadian school-fellows to rub shoulders with one another—there's nothing like it for broadening and stimulating the mind. Here I would like to

congratulate Miss Read and all who have so ably assisted her, for bringing about this happy state of affairs.

No doubt many of you girls from England feel that you are missing something very wonderful through being away from the great battle of Britain, and it is true in a sense, you are, and so am I, but I am persuaded that our destiny has brought us out here for a definite purpose. We ALL—English, Scottish, and Canadian—have to prepare ourselves, to fit ourselves each in our own particular way to help our country get straight again at the end of the War. All those girls, living in peace and quiet and health and reasonable comfort, will have a great duty to fulfil towards all the sorely tried war-weary people of Britain, of Europe, yes, of Canada, too. We shall need young, cheerful people of sound common sense, with trained alert minds and courteous manners, able to put themselves in the other fellow's place and so help him or her to solve their problems wisely and sympathetically.

All you learn here in every branch will be of little avail unless it is leading you up to this great after-War service—THAT is where the people whose lives have been sheltered from the horrors of war must come in; so take heart, you who long to be back in England in the midst of the fray—you girls of this grand wide country—make up your minds that you will be leaders in the great army of Peace-Makers and in the beautiful words of Spring Rice say:

“I vow to thee my country all earthly things above
Entire and whole and perfect, the Service of my love,
The love that asks no questions—the love that stands the test,
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price.”



The Farm, showing the new addition.

How Is Your S.S.?

(School Spirit)

1. When your Clan Chieftain looks for you with that basketball glint in her eye—do you—
 - (a) Acquire a limp?
 - (b) Hide and pray she didn't see you?
 - (c) Agree to play and try your best to win?
 2. When a Prefect nabs you with your week-end nail polish still flashing on Tuesday—do you—
 - (a) Hate her like poison from then on?
 - (b) Remind her of her own shortcomings?
 - (c) Take it off?
 3. Day Girls Only—

When a poor neglected boarder wants a blind date for the dance—do you—

 - (a) Agree to help and promptly forget all about it?
 - (b) Look up your list of male goons and give her the gooniest one?
 - (c) 'Phone your Saturday special, give her a build-up, and pray that she doesn't live up to it?
 4. When your First Team basketball ability is ignored by the gym mistress—do you—
 - (a) Lose your sporting instincts?
 - (b) Bear a grudge against the gym mistress?
 - (c) Play on the Third Team and like it?
 5. When the Hallowe'en Dance
- (Form VA).
- is upon us—do you—(Seniors Only)—
- (a) Smugly say that parties are for the babies?
 - (b) Say that you have another date and go to a movie with a girl friend?
 - (c) Make a costume, come, and enjoy yourself?
6. When you pass the clan lists on the bulletin board—do you—
 - (a) Pretend that you don't see them?
 - (b) Look to see if anyone is watching and then put down two sports per week?
 - (c) Print as you play?
 7. When its up to you to clear the classroom—do you—
 - (a) Wait until Friday to find that it's your week?
 - (b) Pass the buck?
 - (c) Establish a clean-up campaign?

Scoring—

100	points	—Next year's Head Girl.
75	"	—At least a sub-chieftain.
50	"	—Don't you feel a twinge of conscience?
25	"	—Should have gone to a mixed school with boys to inspire S.S.
0	"	_____.

SHIRLE MILNER

Nightfall In The Country

All the men in the village take turns in watching on the hills each night now, for parachute troops. The Home Guard is a serious matter, and will get the brunt of any invasion which will be attempted before the end of the war. Even old Steve goes out, with his grave-yard cough; and fat Mr. Lambton, the butler from the Manor, who could not run if his life depended on it.

Tonight is Doble's round. He is a slow fellow, a pure farmer—there is nothing emotional about him. The evening is wasted on him except from the point of view of ruminating over whether the winter-wheat has survived, and when to start his ploughing. Look at the evening, just look at it! The farmer is the only man who has time to admire the view, nowadays, and he probably admires it less than anyone.

Doble is sitting on the bank now, to light his pipe. The evening is mild, for one in spring, and the field is his own. The upper fields are mostly poor, but he surveys his with pride.

The bank is dry, warmed through the day. Here are primroses growing in the loose sandy earth at the mouth of a rabbit's burrow. They have long stems, as the spot is secluded, undiscovered by village children and hikers, and they have opened during the day; now they look pale and fragile in the setting sun. In the winter months the sun was pale and lukewarm; now it is just glorious and golden. The birds are singing, shouting, to make the most of the few more minutes before the sun disappears behind Thistlegate Hill. Down in the village, already out of sight of the sun, the milk-pails are being put away. The farmers are whistling, satisfied with the day's work. There is a blackbird sitting, as he always does, on the top twig of the ash tree among the fat black buds. His watery yellow beak opens and clicks, his throat quivers, and the sun-warmed fields are flooded with his song.

The sun has gone. Shadows rise. Doble sits unmoved; he puffs at his pipe, looking down into the valley. His gun is laid out on the bank, the leather strap dangling into the rabbit-hole.

The misty village straggles way down the valley to Charmouth and the sea. Smoke rises, blue and scented. The fields spread out below, bare and brown from winter, but already struggling for life. Sitting out at sea, a damp spring fog hides Portland Bill and Golden Gap; it is waiting for the evening before it comes in to blanket the earth. Doble takes his pipe out of his mouth, and thinks slowly—the ground will be soft tomorrow, just right for ploughing.

The birds are quiet, except for a company of rooks who flap back to the rookeries around the Manor ponds. Their wings make a wheezing noise, and one bird croaks as he goes. Doble regards them silently; they

must have been hunting in freshly-turned furrows, following farmer Log's plough, over the hill. Yes, he will start ploughing tomorrow.

It is colder now; a little breeze springs up, bringing the mists inland. Rabbits have come out to nibble green things in the twilight. The horizon, a clear limpid green, shades into darkness above, in which one star shines like a pale white lamp. With a shrill squeak, a bat, wakened from his hibernation, flits by, black against the western sky.

Silence! Yet as the light fades, the senses grow more acute. The smell of dew-moist earth rises, surges in rich waves. The winter leaves rustle round the roots of the ash trees; the breeze makes a little piping sound through the twigs, a clear cold sound like marsh winds in the reeds. It grows louder; now it seems that you can hear the damp mists coming in from the sea, and, yet again, it sounds like a horse munching in the dusk. It is a friendly sound, like the chuckle of a rook—baby, warmed by its brothers in their nest high up.

The rabbits scatter, their white scuts gleaming, bobbing. A pointed face shines in the darkness, and one by one they stop, satisfied, and return to eat. Little hoofs rustle among the leaves with a prancing step. The hairy ears twitch, the nimble fingers whisk up and down their pipes. Who is this god-child with the goat-limbs? Thoughtless lad! The emblem of spring, he tramples the primrose buds and whistles away down into the valley to wake old roosters on their dirty perches. The old Pan is gone, the gnarled wise creature of the earth who helps the animals to find a secret place to die, who tells the burier-beetles where to find their bodies. He went with the winter, like a last leaf which taps against dry twigs, till the young buds, bursting with pride, push it aside, and it drops to moulder in the ground and give strength to the new leaves.

Classical legends do not thrive in the English countryside. Doble knocks out the ashes on his gun-barrel, and puts his pipe away. The mists are closing down. No aircraft will be over tonight. He loops the strap of his gun over his shoulder and wanders off over the hill.

HONOR PASS,
(Form IV A.).



VICTORY LOAN

B ritain long has ruled the seas
U nto the Polar snows,
Y ou must help to keep it free.

V ictory is not for our foes
I f you would keep our land so
fair,
C alm, and peaceful, and good,
T ry to help them over there.
O h! Send them equipment and
food,
R ender your money useful to
them,
Y ou know how much we shall
gain.

B uild a ship all complete from the
stem to the stern,
O r send shrapnel from cannon
like rain.
N ow that you know, let us keep
from our land
D er Fuhrer and his German race.
S end your money in Victory Bonds
over the strand.

N ever let Hitler out of his place.
O n Britain our hopes rest to guard
our dear land,
W ith giving we must not delay.
To back our strong troops in the
brave Motherland,
Buy Victory Bonds today.

SHIRLEY BAKER

(Form 1A).

JUMBLED EPITAPHS

Miss Walker, Miss Maxwell, Miss
MacLaggan, Miss Robinson, Miss

MacMichael, Miss Reader Harris,
Miss Edmison, Miss Phillips,
Miss Armstrong, Miss Craig,
Miss Sime, Miss Howitt.

"You cannot learn Maths. without
a pencil in your hand."

"I could never spell."

"Stop fidgeting, child."

"Now, listen! Not that you
weren't listening, but . . ."

"I'm appalled at your ignorance."

"Speaking in study is a serious
offence."

"It's wonderful stuff!"

"Use your head, child!"

"Sh-h!"

"Pull up your socks."

"That's right—isn't it?"

"Jawohl!"

TAG DAY

"Buy a tag, sir? Help the blind."
Oh, how that wind does blow!
"Buy a tag, sir, help the Blind?"
Why did it have to snow?

Each person hurries by me,
Intent upon his work,
A street-car stops, lets people off,
Then starts up with a jerk.

In this great noisy city street,
Won't someone, please, be kind?
I've stood so long, my feet are cold,
"Would you, please, help the
Blind?"

CHARLOTTE KEENS
(Form 1B).

"The Time Is Now Exactly Ten O'clock"

"Friends of the radio audience, we now bring you through the courtesy of 'Sillvean's Syrup' those eminent young wizards of the air, the Kwizlings. I now present your Kwiz Maestro."

"What a programme!" muttered Jane. She struck a high note and quavered: 'Sillvean's Syrup, that *soothing, delicious remedy for colds, sore throats, rheumatism and gout!*'"

"Why, we could probably put on a better show than that ourselves," I said.

Jane sat up with a bang. "We could," she cried, "Why don't we? It's very simple; all we have to do is to write a script and find some actors and—and—anyway, it'll be very easy."

Well, we did it! Jane lunged headlong into the idea and I stayed behind to pull her back when she got too excited. The greatest problem was deciding what type of programme to produce. Jane had a never-ending supply of ideas, but they never seemed to develop into anything worth putting on the air.

A few days later, however, she burst out with a new thought. "We'll produce a quiz programme ourselves," she cried. "Why didn't we think of that before? We'll think of something new, which will capture the hearts of the country and will wipe the Kwizlings off the face of the earth!" Jane is always dramatic when she has an idea.

"It won't work," I said with a sigh, but I knew I wouldn't be able to stop her. Jane's ideas always blossom out beautifully at the beginning, but, gradually, they wither and dwindle into nothingness. I have learned this by experience.

We struggled on. We bought all kinds of paper-backed books with questions and answers, and wrote our script. It might have even worked except for one thing. Where should we get our experts? Whom did we know who could answer the questions in our script? There were questions such as, identifying "yggdrasil" and "epicentrum" and "Mesenebryanthemum", questions which only a good dictionary could answer, certainly not a mere human being.

"It's impossible," I said with a woeful face and a secretly happy heart, "you can't even pronounce these words, much less understand them." "Don't be silly," snapped Jane. "You always want to give up. All we have to do is tell our experts the answers beforehand."

"What experts?" I asked, but Jane did not answer.

We next collected together all the people we knew who seemed to possess any intelligence, and Jane gave them the questions with the answers to learn. I tried to explain that it was dishonest, that all other programmes like ours went unrehearsed, but Jane would not listen. "They probably only say that to make the audience think it's true," she said, "audiences are such fools—they believe anything." I failed to remind her that she, too, had often been a member of some audience.

After our experts were word-perfect in their answers, we decided they were ready to go on the air. Then the worst, so we thought, happened. WHERE could we produce it? WHERE? and HOW? Jane was not daunted by such drawbacks, however, and so we began a nightmare of trying to find someone who would produce our quiz programme. Finally, we got through the masses of secretaries and laid bare our plan to the impressive official behind the large desk. He listened patiently to us, but his first words were discouraging. "You'll have to have a sponsor," he rumbled.

Jane and I looked at each other. We were planning to institute a new type of radio programme, one without a sponsor, one where you really had a full half hour's enjoyment instead of a short fifteen minutes, and now, all our hopes and ideals were cracking down around us. I felt like crying, but Jane gulped and gathering her torn courage around her, said bravely, "How do we get a sponsor?"

The man behind the desk smiled. "I don't think you will be able to find one just yet. Why don't you wait, and in a few years perhaps you will have a really good idea which will make the country listen."

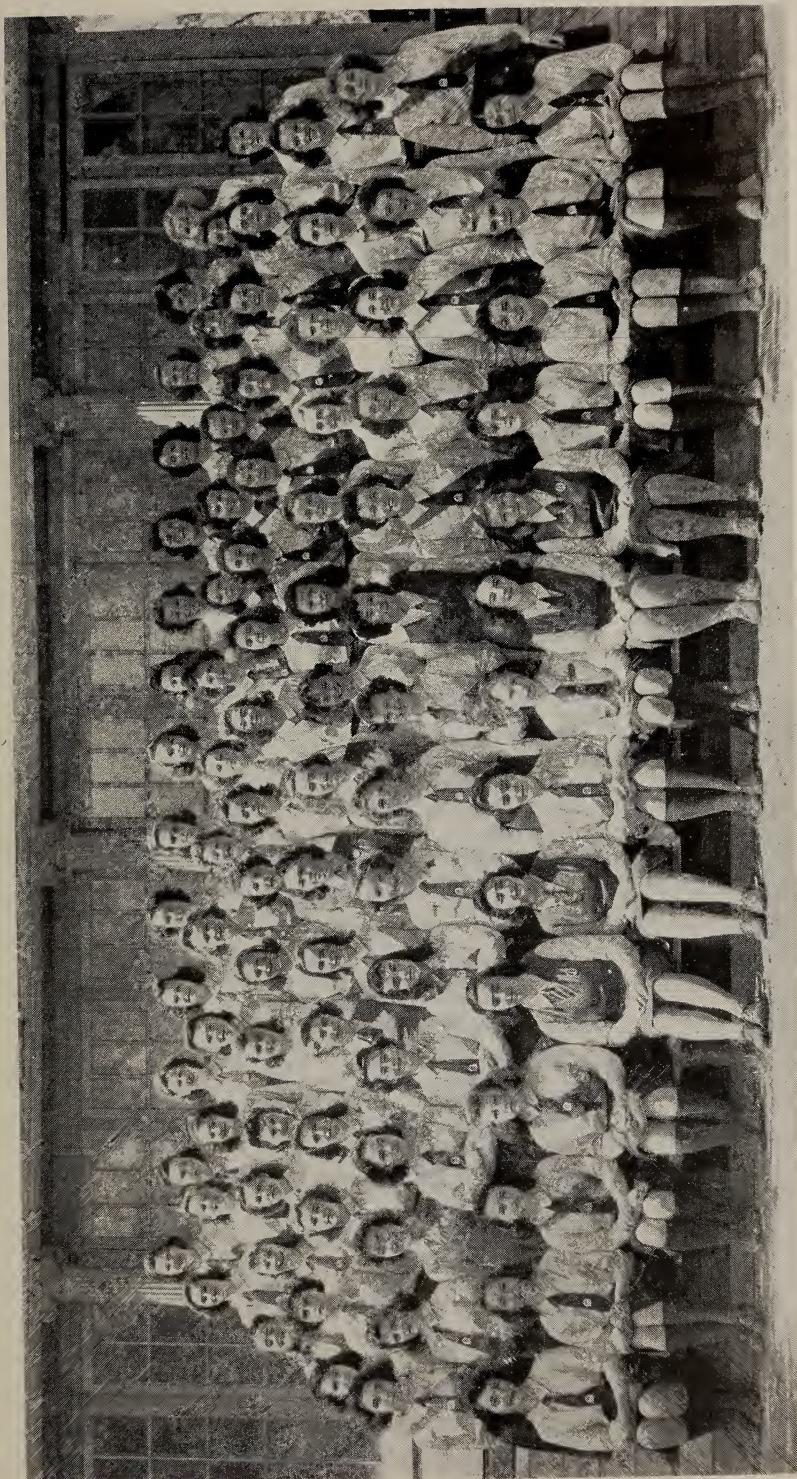
Jane and I made some polite excuses, thanked him, and left. We were so afraid he would start telling us to be good little girls and run along home where we belonged.

We trudged home wearily. We told the experts the sad news and went to my home to console ourselves.

"Why don't you turn on some refreshing music?" I said. Jane, beyond speech, switched on the radio. A familiar voice boomed out: "Once again," Sillvean's Syrup brings you the Kwizlings, those young wizards who will astound you with their brilliant answers to even the most difficult of questions. And now, just a word about Sillveans' Syrup." Jane turned it off. "Anway," she reflected bitterly, "no one can say that we didn't try."

MARY ALICE BURTON,

(Form IIA).



THE GRADUATING CLASS

Lament

(By Herr Hitler, peering out of his funk-hole in the Berchstergarden).

On Monday, when the sun is high,
I watch the Blenheims as they fly,
And very sadly say "Goodbye",
To several Messcherschmitzes.

On Tuesday, when the sky is blue,
It worries me a little, too,
That the Blenheim pilots' aim is
true
In bombing German Fritzes.

On Wednesday, when the wind is
still,
It makes me feel distinctly ILL
To watch the Curtis bombers fill
My cabbage patch with pitzes.

On Thursday, under snow and sleet,
It gives me coldness in der feet

To see our Heinkel planes retreat,
All filled with holes and splitzes.

On Friday, in the pouring rain,
It gifis me in der neck a pain—
Mein household they have bombed
again,

Mein garage is in bitzes.

On Saturday, when skies are grey,
The Whitney bombers visits pay,
They dodge around the clouds all
day
And score no end of hitzes.

On Sunday, thunder rolls afar,
My hopes have not come up to par,
The "krieg" is raging fiercely—Ja,
(I wonder where the "Blitz" is).

JILL MILLIGAN
(Form V C).



The Contribution to the War Effort of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

Known variously as "The Brains of China", "Madame Dictator", and "China's First Lady", the Chinese-born, American-educated wife of General Chiang Kai-Shek has certainly had her hand in the destinies of the Chinese Republic.

Born in 1898, little Mei-Ling Soong, the youngest of the three famous sisters, is internationally famous for her courage, devotion and incalculable contribution to the struggle of her country. Her father, a rich and powerful Chinese gentleman, spent much of his youth in the United States. Realizing the value of this early training, he sought a democratic education for all his children. It has stood them in good stead. His sons are China's richest bankers. His youngest daughter is Madame Chiang, another, Madame Sun Yat Sen, whilst the third, a clever politician, is married to H. H. Kung.

The Soongs are a Christian family. When in 1927 the Generalissimo asked Madame Soong for Mei Ling's hand in marriage, permission was granted only on condition that Chiang become a Christian. He promised to study the matter and three years later was baptized in the house of his mother-in-law. This is but an example of the influence his wife exerts on him.

China's New Life Movement originated in the minds of English missionaries who brought their ideas to Madame Chiang. She in turn, took them to the Generalissimo, who appointed her chief of the new idea.

Based on four old Chinese virtues, courtesy, service, honour, and honesty, this movement has done much to ease the lot of the poor peasant. It has built him a better drainage system and taught him a more sanitary way of preparing food.

Madame Chiang has exerted tremendous influence in arousing sympathy for her war-torn country. She has written many articles and pamphlets attempting to show that China's cause is the cause for democracy the whole world over. Two of her latest books, "China in Peace and War", and "This is Our China", have been widely read by admirers of China's splendid national spirit.

Through her efforts, help in the form of bandages and medical supplies has been sent by American women. As a giver of first aid, Madame Chiang does not ask anyone to do anything she is unwilling to undertake herself. She has dressed soldiers' wounds, done much sewing, and takes an active part in other forms of relief. She has

urged Chinese society women to take up war-work. Going from village to village, she arouses new hope in the hearts and minds of the people, but leaves them in full realization of their tremendous task.

A most important part of her daily routine is the overseeing of schools in Nanking where fifty-thousand war orphans are stationed. These children, left homeless by Japanese air-raids, would probably starve if it were not for the protecting arm of the Chinese National Defence Organization, headed by this remarkable woman. Her sound judgment and boundless energy have accomplished many things which the Government has been unable to undertake. Industrial owners have at last consented to the movement of their factories out of war zones. Peasants are being supplied with simple hand-looms with which to weave cheap cotton.

In the early stages of the war, when it was absolutely necessary for aeroplanes to be obtained cheaply and quickly, the Generalissimo could trust no one but his wife to negotiate with foreign officials and to get the best bargains for China. Thus, she became secretary-general of the Chinese Commission on Aeronautical Affairs.

Again, after the capture of her husband in the Stan Mutiny, it was she who kept their friends from firing on the mutineers and arousing the country to civil strife.

Ample proof is shown of Madame Chiang's value to her country by the repeated attacks on the part of the Japanese to capture her. She is forbidden to stay in the same village two nights in succession. Too often, Japanese bombers have attacked the locality only a few hours after her departure.

Thus, it can be truthfully said of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek that she has converted her husband's desire for a United China from a mere political task to a crusade. Every freedom-loving Chinese is ready to lay down his life for this sweet-faced woman.

MARION CROSS,
(Form II A).



A Visit

He jerked up as the sound of the door-bell throbbed through the hollow house. Then he heard the maid's nasal voice:

"Mr. Rondermer? He's in No. 7. The third floor, to your left."

"It must be Sertuerman, or maybe Messmen," he thought, persuasively, trying to convince himself. It could not be the cops, or the F.B.I.! or could it? He heard the heavy steps mount the protesting stairs, unceasingly, inevitably. He laughed, sneered at his fears, but that did not conquer them. The steady beat of the footsteps became louder and louder. The tick of his watch and the throb of his heart swelled the terrifying rhythm. Two long and three short taps on his door relaxed his convulsed muscles.

"Come in," he said calmly, rather boringly, he hoped.

A slight, insignificant man slipped through the door, a man who, like the chameleon, fitted into any background.

"You're Rondermer? Well, I'm Joris. Sertuerman sent me to congratulate you on your work in getting the blueprints for the anti-tank guns, and to explain your next assignment to you. You're to make a plan of Sing-sing prison. Sertuerman figures that if we could turn loose those convicts, armed with decent guns, they'd make quite a showing. What do you think?"

"Sure, that would be a good idea and it would be a cinch for me. You know, when you come to think of it, the Americans certainly are dumb. They go plodding along, led by a blundering government, giving their money, their sons, their strength, to keep freedom and liberty in their land. And where will freedom and liberty get them? In the dismal battalions of the post-war unemployed. With failure after failure behind them, they can still look forward optimistically to a triumphant victory, placing their hopes, their fears, at the shrine of democracy.

"But I'm not that dumb. What I want is money, position, and power, especially power. Power to command men, to master men, to break men. Power to make the men who scorned me cringe at my feet, begging for mercy. I'll show them how great I am, how strong I am, how fearless I am."

"But, coming back to this Sing-Sing job, I'll be glad to do it. You know, people never realize that there are some men smart enough to forget about the 'right' cause, and the 'wrong' cause, and get something out of this war. Honestly, those big, simple cops would never catch me in a thousand years."

"Hey! What are you doing with those handcuffs? What do you want? Listen, I'll do anything you say . . ." Rondermer babbled brokenly."

"These? Oh, they're just a present from the Government, to see that you get safely to Sing-Sing," Joris taunted the fear-crazed man. "Now, isn't that nice of them, after all the mean things you've said about the good old U.S.A.?"

SHEILA MACQUEEN,
(Form V A).

The Visit to Cleveland

At last we set off on the long-anticipated visit to Cleveland where we were to play basket-ball and badminton games against the girls of Laurel School. Miss Read and fifteen girls made up the party. We had to fill out passport-forms, get our pictures taken and our finger prints, at the United States Consul, but, finally, the day arrived for us to set out.

Just after we crossed the border, the Customs' officers came round, and examined our suitcases and soon we reached Buffalo. The United States at last!, where we boarded the Empire State Express and were soon travelling at a speed sometimes as great as eighty-five miles per hour.

We reached Cleveland at about 8.30, and after greeting the Head Mistress of Laurel School, I was whisked off by my hostess for the week-end. The next morning I was shown around Cleveland and in the afternoon we went to the school for the game. We were all somewhat nervous about playing. After we had started, however, we forgot our nervousness and played our hardest for the next half-hour or so. Then the final whistle blew. The game was over and we had won! After our game, the badminton nets were put up and three sets were played. Our team was not so fortunate this time, and we lost two of the three games.

On Sunday afternoon we went to the Naval Reserve Academy at Hudson, about twenty-five miles from Cleveland. We attended their chapel service and had supper at the school.

The next day we had the interesting experience of going to school with our newly-made friends. At their prayer service, Miss Read spoke and Miss Lake, the Head of Laurel School, announced that a return game had been arranged for next year.

On our way back, we had a great deal to talk about. All too soon we crossed the border and reached Toronto once again, after our very happy trip to Cleveland.

JOYCE COBBAN,
(Form V).

DEAR MOTHER

Dear Mother, Arrived safely and everything's fine,
 But I'm dying to get on that old Nazi line.
 The food is all right, in its own little way,
 But I'd love to be home where it's really okay.
 Our Sergeant is tough, but he's really a peach,
 He does all he can, but we're devils to teach.
 Oh, Mum, just think, the Queen came today,
 Gosh, but she's lovely; she did look so gay:
 It's no wonder the boys are so anxious to fight
 When our Queen is there standing for everything right.
 I guess that is all, so I'll be on my way,
 The bugle just blew and tomorrow's a big day.
 Give Mary my love and tell her to write,
 And when it's all over, this terrible fight,
 I'll hurry home, just as fast as I can,
 'Cause I love you, dear Mom.

JOAN DAVIS
(Form II B).

DO YOU KNOW?

1. That Miss Read was the first basketball coach at Branksome and that Miss McMichael played on the team.
2. That the Branksome Carol

Service has outgrown three churches in ten years?

3. That in the 1910's there was great controversy as to whether or not the girls should play tennis?

4. That Branksome Hall was formerly situated on the present site of The Manufacturer's Life Insurance building on Bloor Street?

5. That the school song was published in a book of war poems by John Oxenham called "All's Well"?

6. That Dora Olive Thompson was a pupil of Branksome Hall, and that she used school life as material for some of her books?

7. That Mary Van Wyck's mother was the first editor of The Slogan?

SHIRLE MILNER
(Form VA).

POETRY OF WORDS

Don't you love the common words
 In usage all the time,
 Words that describe adequately,
 Words that form a rhyme,
 Words we often think of,
 Words that we discover,
 Words that show the love
 Of one man for another?

Don't you love the nautical terms,
 A crew to hoist the sails,
 At the stern, the rudder that churns,
 The horn that never fails,
 A phantom ship, without the ghost,
 A furrow following free,
 The Captain at his post,
 On a rough and tumble sea?

RUTH DOUGHERTY
(Form V C).

Prefects

HEAD GIRL



Isobel Coulthard

Every girl in the school looks up to Izzy not only as a fine leader but also as a true friend. She is always ready to take time out for anyone.

Positions held: Head Girl; Honorary President of the Beta Kappa; Honorary President of the Opheleo.

Audrey is the first to be called upon, not only because of her initials. Her efficiency and common-sense guarantee that a task will be well-done.



Audrey Angas



Zillah Caudwell

Branksome could not have a better representative than Zee as a badminton player and all-round good sport.

Position held: Editor of the Slogan.

We tease Sally about her worrying but we know that her keen sense of responsibility will always be appreciated by those about her.

Position held: Treasurer of the Beta Kappa.



Sally Chapman

Prefects



Alice Cochrane

Bay was scarcely "bigger than a peanut" when she first came to Branksome. She has always been a loyal friend and a "Happy-go-lucky" sport.

Position held: Chieftain of the McLeod Clan.

Sue possesses a great deal of school spirit and understands the meaning of the word "sporting" in all uses.

Position held: President of Commercial Class.



Susan Davis



Patsy Grant

Patsy in her quiet way is a staunch friend, always loyal to the school and popular wherever she goes.

For eleven years Joey has been surprising Branksome with her unconscious humour. She certainly is an asset, and always will be—anywhere, anytime.

Position held: Vice-President of the Opheleo.



Jocelyn Hodge

Prefects



Marion Hughes

As an actress in the school Marion is outstanding. She plays a great role in leading the Stewarts too.

Position held: Chieftain of the Stewart Clan.



Helen Lang

Helen makes friends very easily, and is one of those fortunate people who can combine social and athletic qualities with those of a good student.



Mary MacMillan

Mary smiles and you like her! She gets through any difficulties, real or imagined, with her irrepressible good humour.

Position held: Chieftain of the Douglas Clan.

Sheila will be remembered for her exceptionally fine academic work, and unusual all-round ability. As Branksome's representative she tied for first place in the Ontario Speech Competition.

Positions held: President of the Student Council; President of V A.



Sheila MacQueen

Prefects



Andrea McCall

You can depend on "Andy" to see through to a successful conclusion every task which she undertakes.

Position held: Treasurer of the Opheleo.



Elizabeth McKechnie

Lib has taken part in all branches of school activities and has proved her fine sportsmanship.



Peggy McKelvey

No girl in the school can remember Branksome without Peg. You just can't resist that infectious grin of hers.

Position held: Member of the Opheleo Committee.



"Laugh and the world laughs with you," Shirle. You will be successful and well loved wherever you go.

Position held: Editor of the Slogan.

Prefects



Mary Playfair

We consider that Stuie is our manager. In whatever she organizes she is noted for her fairness and capability.

Position held: President of the Beta Kappa.

In her second year at Branksome Gay has shown her true worth in her position as a prefect. She has enthusiastically supported all school activities.

Position held: President of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship.



Gaynor Powell



Angela Riddell

Few English girls have contributed more than Angy to the good feeling existing between the English and Canadian girls. She is a fine representative of Sherborne and of Branksome.

Position held: Editor of the Slogan.

Rusty is a real pal. She has an abundance of jokes and amusing stories to enliven every dull moment.

Position held: President of VSp.



Helen Russell

Prefects



Betty Sherman

Bet always does a job well regardless of the amount of work for herself. This has been shown especially in her outstanding directorship of form plays.

Position held: Editor of the Slogan.

Libby knows everyone and everyone knows Libby. She has played a great part in the Beta Kappa and a greater part in the school.

Position held: Vice-President of the Beta Kappa.



Elizabeth Shirriff



Pat Stockton

Pat's untiring efforts as President of the Opheleo and her enthusiasm in supporting all school activities have contributed much to the success of the year.

Position held: President of the Opheleo.

Appointment at Two

Every turn of the wheels seemed to say, "At last! at last!" The bus was hot and stuffy and she was squashed between two large people, but she didn't notice the unpleasantness. She was thinking of what a struggle her life had been. She had left the orphanage when she was sixteen. These last seven years had been a series of hard-working jobs with little pay. Now, at last, this letter might change all that.

They had told her very little about her parents at the orphanage. Her mother had died when she was three. Her father, thinking it best for the child, had taken her to an orphanage. Nothing had been heard from him since.

Three days ago, she had received a letter. She took it out of her purse and read it yet again.

Dear Miss Dale:

I have some very important news for you, concerning your late father. It is necessary, however, that I see you in person. Please come to my apartment at two p.m. on Thursday, November 20th.

Yours Truly,

THOMAS L. BOWEN.

No. 306, Lexington Apts.,
New York City.

That was all there was to the short note. But may be it meant the end of all her unhappiness—no more working in hamburger joints, the end of scrimping and scraping to get along, may be a chance to enjoy life!

The next day she asked the boss for the day off. She knew she would be too much excited to work even in the morning.

She looked at a clock on a large store. Not even twelve yet! Two more hours to live through until the appointment at two!

She rang the bell and got off at the next stop. The downtown streets were crowded with the noon-hour confusion. She went into a drug-store and sat down at the counter. Perhaps she could pass at least half an hour with a sandwich and a cup of coffee. But she was too nervous to eat.

Who was this man? What would he tell her about her father? Why was it necessary to see her in person before he could tell her? In one hour she would know why. One thing she was sure of; it would be good news.

She paid her twenty cents and got out of the store. If she walked slowly, it would take her three quarters of an hour to reach the apartment.

The store windows were filled with smart expensive clothes. In the mirror her own clothes looked drab. This letter might mean she could buy all the things she wanted.

It was only a quarter to two and she was already at the apartment building. She kept on walking; she would not go in for five minutes. No! She couldn't wait any longer. She ran up the steps and into the building, her heart pounding violently. To the man at the desk she said:

"Will you phone Mr. Bowen in No. 306 and tell him that Miss Dale is here?"

"I'm sorry," he said, "Mr. Bowen died last night."

ELIZABETH FALCONER,

(Form IVA).

The Port of Halifax

"For a hundred and seventy years the Holding Place of the British against the power of enemies and the forces of nature—" so said the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, in his first speech on landing in Halifax in 1919.

As he reached the quay, the guns of the British, French, and Italian warships fired the salute, and the echoes resounded among the hills that surround the town, symbolic, this echo, of a port that has always been a receiving-station, an invitation, rather than a place of military command.

Looking down from the Citadel, one sees the ancient town set on a peninsula, a triangle, with its base to the east, making a main harbour, the two sides formed by Bedford Basin, twenty miles in circumference, and by the North-West Arm, a three-mile strip of water.

The earliest history and romance of Halifax lies about this harbour whose magnificence and safety decided her being. "Here gathered the Armadas for the reduction of Louisburg in 1757-8," says Professor Archibald MacMechan, "Loudan, Amhurst, Boscawen, Rodney, Wolfe, Cook, saw the old Halifax, with its stone-faced batteries, lining the waterside and the old flag flying from the top of Citadel Hill. Here came Howe with his defeated regulars, after being clawed by the buckskins at Boston. Here floated safe, at last, the thousands of Loyalists from New York, who preferred exile to renouncing their ancient allegiance. In the bitter winter of 1783-4, delicately-brought-up women lived in the floating transports, while others huddled in the cabooses taken from the ships and pitched like wigwams all along Granville Street. Then during the long wars with the French Republic and with Napoleon, the waters of the harbour never rested from the stirring of keels com-

ing and going. Ships of the line, frigates, privateers, prizes, transports with license to make war on King George's enemies. In the war of 1812 there were one hundred and six ships of war on this station. On Sunday, June 6, 1813, there came a procession of two ships, the little "Shannon" proudly leading her prize, the "Chesapeake", up to anchorage by the dockyard. All yards were manned, the bands played, for at last, the stain was cleansed from the flag which Dares had hauled down on the "Guenière".

Founded in 1749, by the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, as a rival to the French town of Louisburg in Cape Breton, Halifax, named after the second Earl of Halifax, superseded Annapolis as the Capital of the province. Saint Pauls' Church contains vaults of such Haligonians as Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence, 1760, Admiral Durell, 1766, Baron Kniphausen, Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot, Baron de Seitz, Michael Franklin, 1782, Lord Charles Grenville Montague, and Chief Justice Jonathan Belcher.

Government House has never seen a gayer period than during the Administration of Sir John Wentworth from 1792-1808, when His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, fourth son of King George III, was stationed in Halifax. He was created Duke of Kent during his stay in Nova Scotia.

The Duke of Kent loved his neighbour as himself, and remained the friend as well as the steady patron of Nova Scotians until his death. His estate was a veritable feudal village, and his lasting public memorial in Halifax is the Citadel and the Harbour, the forts, which he built being well-nigh impregnable.

The Waegwaltic Club on the North West arm, mysteriously beautiful with its old trees banked down to the water's edge, the Public Gardens, the drives through the Parks over roads made when the British regulars were established at the barracks, are a part of modern Halifax, but there are also at the present time of war, moats and cannon, subterranean casements, hidden tunnels, and secret defences, concealing what mystery? Here, something crouches ready to spring forward at a word, though the attitude of dilapidated Halifax is beautifully careless. One could hardly expect, and certainly would not desire her to be neat, for she keeps perpetual open-house for many and strange guests. When the sea-doors of Quebec and Montreal are ice-bound, she is busiest. Her Naval Institute is the second largest in America, and to its friendly doors, year in and year out, come all sorts of seamen, many of them sailors in distress, for Halifax has earned for herself the name of the "Port of Missing Men."

ALLISON HENRY,
(Form VC).

Calendar 1941-42

- Sept. 10th—School re-opened.
- Sept. 12th—Visit of H.R.H. the Princess Juliana. Picnic at Farm.
- Sept. 18th—Fifth Form Picnic.
- Sept. 19th—Gathering of the Clans.
- Sept. 25th—Russian ballet.
- Oct. 2nd—Promenade Concert.
- Oct. 3rd—Old Girls Basketball.
- Oct. 8th—Initiation.
- Oct. 9th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.
- Oct. 10th—Thanksgiving Week-end.
- Oct. 15th—Visit of H.R.H. Princess Alice.
- Oct. 16th—Mr. Peltz.
- Oct. 16th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S.
- Oct. 17th—1066 and All That.
- Oct. 24th—Fourth Form Plays.
- Oct. 24th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.
- Oct. 28th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S.
- Oct. 31st—Masquerade.
- Oct. 31st—Visit of Miss Ruth Draper.
- Nov. 2nd—Sunday evening service—visitors, children from the House of Happiness.
- Nov. 4th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.
- Nov. 7th—Portia White.
- Nov. 8th—Short Week-end.
- Nov. 14th—Knee-Hi.
- Nov. 14th—Form V A Play.
- Nov. 18th—Henry V.
- Nov. 28th—“Tovarich.”
- Dec. 2nd—Toronto Symphony.
- Dec. 3rd—Mr. Pierce.
- Dec. 5th—Swimming Meet.
- Dec. 8th—The Rivals.
- Dec. 14th—Carol Service.
- Dec. 18th—School closed.
- Jan. 8th—School re-opened.
- Jan. 9th—Ski Movies.
- Jan. 11th—Wing Commander Gregson.
- Jan. 30th—The Dance.
- Feb. 1st—Mr. Robinson.
- Feb. 6th—Form V B Play.
- Feb. 13th—Long Week-end.
- Feb. 13th—Cleveland.
- Feb. 20th—Third Form Plays.
- Feb. 27th—First Form Plays.
- Mar. 6th—Second Form Plays.
- Mar. 6th—Short Week-end.
- Mar. 13th—Skating Carnival.
- Mar. 15th—Dr. Ida S. Scudder.
- Mar. 20th—Fashion Show.
- Mar. 27th—Kathleen.
- Apr. 1st—School closed.
- Apr. 14th—School re-opened.
- Apr. 17th—Victoria Regina.
- Apr. 24th—Sr. Gym. Dem.
- Apr. 29th—Jr. Gym. Dem.
- May 12th—Miss Read, LL.D.
- May 23rd—Long Week-end.
- May 29th—Sports Day.
- June 5th—Strawberry Festival.
- June 12th—House Picnic.
- June 14th—Evening Service—Rosedale Presbyterian Church.
- June 15th—Prize Giving.

The Beta Kappa

The two main events of the Beta Kappa this year were the Masquerade which took place on the last Friday of October, and the School Dance, on the thirtieth of January. The Masquerade was a greater success this year than usual, owing to the effect created by the many original costumes, which were made very inexpensively. The skit put on by Miss Read and the Staff, dressed as Branksome and Sherborne girls was received with much laughter and great applause.

The School Dance with its navy decorations was a gala affair, and Bob Cringan's orchestra added to the enjoyment of all. Miss Read and Isobel Coulthard received the guests and so began a gay evening.

This year more than ever, the Beta Kappa and the Opheleo Committees have worked together to start the Branksome War Fund which we hope will continue to grow, and will prove of some assistance to those serving our country.

ELIZABETH SHIRRIFF,
(Clan Douglas).

Opheleo

The officers and committee of the Opheleo Society take this opportunity to thank the school and the friends of Branksome for their generous support during the year.

During the first term, the play "1066 and All That" was presented by the English girls, when \$131.50 was collected for the Red Cross and the Prisoners of War Fund.

Following this, the sum of \$160.00 was received from the sale of tickets for the Portia White Concert, the return of which went to the Branksome Alumnae for the purchase of War Materials.

During "Ramabai Week" the usual \$250.00 was collected for the support of our Indian teacher and Clarebai, our Indian pupil. This sum was made up of money taken in at the swimming-meet, the sale of box-lunches and a contribution of \$40.00, saved by the residence pupils in table expenses.

At the Carol Service, \$100.00 was received for the Christmas baskets for poor families.

During Lent, \$125.00 was contributed by the present pupils, \$50.00 of which was sent for the support of Branksome Hall bed in Ludhiana

Hospital, India, \$50.00 for the support of our Indian orphan, and \$25.00 to the China Inland Mission.

In March the Beta Kappa and Opheleo societies combined in the production of a fashion-show, when \$147.75 was collected for the Red Cross and other War Services.

The sum of \$17.99, resulting from the sale of waste-paper, was donated to the Home for Incurable Children.

For War Savings Stamps, \$260.00 has so far been raised, our objective being \$300.00.

During the last term, \$100.00 was received for the Branksome Hall War Fund from the proceeds of the play, "Victoria Regina."

It is hoped that the same amount will be raised from the Strawberry Festival.

We are glad to announce that for the school year 1941-42 the sum of \$1,268.73 has so far been collected, and hope that before the end of school, we may be able to reach a total of \$1,400.00.

PAT. STOCKTON,
(Clan Campbell).



Library Day

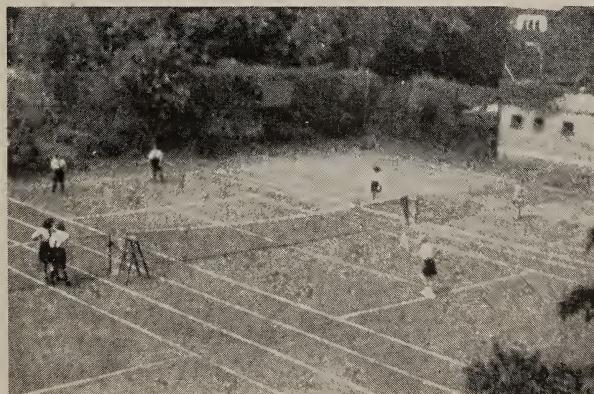
The following have made contributions to "Library Day":—Joan Adams, Joan Aitken, Rosemary Akerman, Ruth Alison, Ellen Avigdor, Shirley Baker, Beverley Balfour, Ruth Beynon, Anne Beare, Nancy Blundell, Jane Bowen, Dorothy Boughton, Jane Bradshaw, Barbara Browne, Alison Brown, Mary Alice Burton, Anne Burton, Elizabeth Busk, Eve Cassels, Grace Cawthra, Brenda Cooling, Zillah Caudwell, Margaret Capener, Barbara Chisholm, Sally Chapman, Alice Cochrane, Audrey Cooper, Marion Cosford, Marion Cobban, Pamela Comran-Smith, Miss Freda Cole, Miss Coombs, Thalia Collins, Barbara Clarke, Mary Craig, Marion Cross, Frances Dafoe, Gwen De Mont, Naomi de Langley, Helen de Jardine, Cynthia Dean, Christine Dendy, Hazel Dendy, Jacqueline Dimock, Margaret Dowe, Betty Earl, Patsy Earl, Joanne Edmonds, Miss Edmison, Flavia Elliott, Primula Eshelby, Agnes Fairbairn, Elspeth Fairbairn, Elizabeth Falconer, Ruth Fowler, Joan Fraser, Joan Frankel, Joyce Frankel, Nancy Frankel, Margaret Foulds, Zelda Friedman, Elizabeth German, Helen German, Katharine Gorvin, Beverley Graham, Nancy Graham, Patsy Grant, Bridget Gregson, Hilary Gregson, Carmen Griffith, Joan Hall, June Hamilton, Francesca Harrison, Barbara Hargraft, Rose-Margan Hartog, Alison Henry, Mary Higginbottom, Jane Hill, Eleanor Hogarth, Peggy Howard, Jocelyn Hodge, Helen Holmes, Anne Howitt, Marilyn Hogarth, Atholl Hughes, Heather Hughes, Marion Hughes, Eleanor Hughes, Anne Izat, Naomi Inglis, Anne James, Ione Jeffers, Miss J. R. Johnston, Margot Johnston, Natalie Kemp, Charlotte Keans, Catherine Kennington, Judith Kean, Karen Koppel, Lorraine Lauder, Helen Lang, Patsy Leckie, Marianne Lithgow, Gloria Lyons, Shiela MacQueen, Cynthia Maxwell, Gillian Massey, Mary MacMillan, Miss MacLellan, Miss MacNeill, Anne McCart, Shiela McCoughry, Pamela McCoughry, Althea McCoy, Peggy McKelvey, Elizabeth McKechnie, Jean McLachlin, Wendy McLaughlin, Miss McMichael, Elizabeth Merrill, Shirle Milner, Jean Morine, Johanna Nathanson, Jean Nathanson, Mary Nelson, Marjorie New, Anne Nicholls, Jean Norman, Maureen O'Reilly, Veronica Owen, Rosanne Parkinson, Elva Parkinson, Honor Pass, Christabel Parbury, Rosanne Parbury, Hazel Parry, Jennifer Parry, Carol Pendrith, Miss Phillips, Mary Stuart Playfair, Patricia Ramsay, Betty Rackham, Miss Read, Mary Ringsleben, Angel Riddell, Elizabeth Riddell, Joan Riddell, Dorothy Robinette, Miss Robinson, Jane Rogers, Rosemary Roberts, Helen Russell, Eileen Sansom, Betty Sherman, Elizabeth Shirriff, Judy Shoebottom, Belinda Sharwood, Joyce Shone, Margaret Simpson, Barbara Simpson, Mary Sloan, Anne Somers, Joan Southam, Diane Stowe, Patricia Stewart, Sarah

Symons, Jane Taylor, Anne Terry, Sylvia Thomson, Jane Thomson, Nancy Trees, Mary Van Wyck, Selma Vise, Joan Warren, Elizabeth Wardlaw, Suzette Westcott, Rosamund Wharton, June Whitehead, Mary Liz White, Margaret Wilkinson, Jean Wilkinson, Patricia Wise, Mary Winston, Shirley Young, Ann Hargraft, Phillipa Sharwood, Gail Purdy.

September 3rd, 1939.

Dancing feet	But where?
Carefree hearts pulsing with love	Neither light nor dark
And laughter.	Nor ray of hope amid fate's mock-
Music that sings	eries
And echoes and re-echoes	Before.
In the sky.	Weary feet
Silent feet	War-spent bodies. Sick hearts
Amazed and stubborn. Slowly,	Longing,
Oh, sadly,	Yearning, hoping, praying,
Worlds awakening.	For the horror of the Hell-on-
War! But why? Repeating	Earth
Why?	To cease.
Marching feet	Tranquil feet
Rhythmic measure of eternity. On	Calm upon the fields of home.
Without rest.	Steady,
Youth and age together	Firmly placed
Across the bloody face of earth	Beside the feet of every brother
that smiles	nation,
No more.	Peace.
Stumbling feet	
Smitten souls staggering.	

SHIRLE MILNER
(Form V).



The Street

A puff of wind sent the snow swirling, spraying fan-like across the road and the peaked roofs of houses.

As little Miss Peabody trotted homeward with her week's bit of shopping, she fell in love with her street all over again. Surely no other was so beautiful!

The snow descended gently on her faded bonnet, (like innumerable tiny fragments of cloud broken off from the silent calm of the sky.) Pure white trees and bushes depicted to perfection the elfin art of lace-work. Even the houses had a mysterious loveliness about them.

To a casual observer, the street would have presented an air of hushed, unruffled placidity, but to Miss Peabody it was full of never-ending surprises and fascination. She knew—who could know better?—the dramas enacted there every day.

It was a street of contrasts. The west end was occupied by pompous mansions set nobly back on their paunches amidst sober expanses of lawn, each one scrupulously careful that it was NOT in line with its neighbour. From each mansion there issued forth every morning the lord and master, on his leisurely way to his office. In the course of the morning, out came the nurse-maid to take the future lord and master for a walk. The mistress of the household appeared in the afternoon and drove off to her club. Sometimes, in the evening, many handsome cars drew up at one establishment, and all the stray dogs had a field day among the garbage-cans, next day.

If one walked in an easterly direction, one noticed suddenly that the mansions were mansions no longer, but just houses, marshalled in orderly rows. It was here that Miss Peabody lived. She knew everyone, and was known of many. If questioned as to why the Jones had bought a new watch-dog, she could immediately give graphic details of the recent burglary. If someone asked her about the Smith's new baby, she could at once supply information as to its size, sex, features and disposition. She could tell the exact number of kittens which the neighbour's cat had produced the week before, and how many teeth their fourth baby had by his first birth-day.

But it must not be thought that Miss Peabody was an inquisitive old gossip. She was such a friend of everyone that people naturally came to her about everything. The most joyful hour in the day to her was when the children scrambled home from school, and then dashed out to play. This was the hour when lively urchins, wise in the ways of aged and kindly women, gathered under her window and always seemed to find something delightful lying on the ground just below it.

The son of the banker and the son of the clerk played together in the park; the manager of the chain-store gave the owner of the grocery store a "lift" down to work; a maid from the mansion came to tea with the salesman's wife; there were no class distinctions.

There are few more interesting places in the world than the street. There is a singular lack of recognition of this fact. Every street needs at least one Miss Peabody who can appreciate its beauties apart from thinking of it as the most convenient way to reach the store, or the street-car stop.

PATRICIA STEWART,
(Form IIIA).

Schools in Other Lands

The School I attended in Switzerland was co-educational. We started at 8 or 8.45 in winter and at 7.10 or 7.50 in summer and finished at 3.45 or 4.50. We had school on Saturday but had three afternoons a week free.

When one reaches the upper forms, one can choose only between English and Greek; all the other subjects are compulsory. We do not wear a school uniform. In most Swiss schools stress is put on actual school work and games are a side line. We often, however, went skiing, starting out early in the morning by train. What fun we had climbing up a mountain for an hour or two and then, after enjoying the view, sliding down again! In the highest form, we had school excursions for a week every year, often visiting surrounding countries. It was both interesting and instructive.

KAREN KOPPEL
(Form VA).

I was at a school which was very modern and in some ways different from other schools in Holland. We had Thursday and Saturday afternoons off and Tuesday afternoon was for club meetings. I chose the Dramatic Club. In the first form, everyone takes the same subjects. In the second form, one chooses between a modern and a classical education. The modern course takes five years and the classical six. There are separate schools for both courses, or they may be taught in the same school.

Things are probably much changed now, but we learn from people who have escaped that all students within junior school, high-school, or university are showing great resistance to Nazi influence. We hope that soon everything will return not only to normal, but to improved conditions.

Jungle Justice

Martin Shaw stood on the veranda of his tropical bungalow and put a hand to his feverish brow. It was evening, and the rain was pouring down in a steady torrent, beating out a tattoo on the flat leaves of the palm trees, and everywhere streams of muddy water swirled through the jungle vegetation. Despite the unceasing rain and oppressive heat, hundreds of beady-eyed lizards clung to the walls and ceilings, making harsh chirping noises which only served to aggravate his bad temper.

Martin fell into his chair, and as he stared out into the darkness ahead, his bloodshot eyes began to see queer things. He saw the face of his neighbour, Geoffrey Harkness, and immediately anger surged through his veins. How he hated Harkness! He hated him because he was rich, and Martin was not. He wished Harkness would be killed by some prowling tiger so that there would be no one but himself to take the man's riches, for Harkness had no relations. Martin Shaw's gaze wandered to his gun in the corner. As he sat watching it, the palms of his hands grew suddenly moist, and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; his body shook like a leaf in the wind. Finally, he could stand it no longer; he leaped out of his chair, reached for the gun, and, staggering down the steps, started across the dark clearing in the direction of Harkness's bungalow.

As he crept close to the jungle edge, he heard the gruff cough of a hyena, and the hands that held the gun trembled, and clutched the butt more tightly. Only a few more yards, and he would be within close shooting range of the man he hated! Then, behind him, he heard a soft foot fall, and the snap of a twig. Immediately he swung round, and saw two green eyes, not more than twenty yards away, staring at him from the undergrowth. For a moment he was transfixed, he fled towards the nearest, in fact the only shelter, Geoffrey Harkness's out-house. He could hear the pounding of the animal behind him and the snarling growl as it drew closer. Panic seized him, and he covered the wet ground as only a terrified man could. In a minute, he was at the building, and tearing open the door; he flung himself inside, slamming it only just in time, as the heavy weight of the animal crashed against the panels.

Panting, half-sobbing, Shaw drew out his revolver, ready for anything that might happen. Nothing did. Peering out of the only window, he looked around for his pursuer. To his surprise, he could see nothing, and wondering what he should do next, he glanced toward the bungalow, the door of which opened at the same moment, sending

a shaft of light out into the darkness. Harkness's voice then came clearly across the space, calling out if anyone was there. Suddenly, forgetting his narrow escape, the only thought in Shaw's deranged mind was to kill this man and so remove the only barrier to his climb out of poverty. With a suddenly steady hand, he raised his revolver, aimed, and fired at the shadow that moved against the doorway. A shrill scream of pain, like that of a wounded animal, came from the direction in which he had fired. Heeding nothing but thinking only of the gold, the riches, the wealth, that were now his, Martin Shaw flung open the door and ran, laughing like a maniac, and slipping in the wet mud and water that lay everywhere, towards the dark form on the ground.

Suddenly, he looked up. To his horror, he saw a figure silhouetted against the lighted room, and, as he stared, he recognized the seeming ghost of the man he had just killed, staring in fear into the shadows at the foot of the veranda steps.

Martin staggered back, his eyes dilated, and his brain grew lighter and lighter. He gave one ghastly cry, and turned to flee back the way he had come; but as he ran past the steps, a dark form detached itself from the ground and with a deafening roar, sprang upon him, bearing him to the ground, its huge fangs locked in his throat in the death grip of a wounded tiger.

CHRISTINE DENDY,
(Form VA).



JUNIORS



The White Haired Child

First, let me introduce myself. I'm a sad little seal who was born on an iceberg in the Atlantic Ocean, just off the coast of Newfoundland. There was a great commotion over my birth, because, unlike my brothers and sisters, I arrived in a coat of white fur instead of the usual black. This caused much embarrassment to my parents, for I heard them explain apologetically to one of the neighbours, "Yes, Sealia does look anaemic. The poor child is very delicate, but we hope and pray she will outgrow it." Doctors came from far and near to view me and to consult about a cure. They fed me on cod-liver oil—buckets of it—and whale-bones, and gave me long sun baths to try to darken my complexion. Seldom was I allowed to play with other children on the reefs, and, on rare occasions, when I was taken anywhere—on nurse's day off for instance—they wrapped me in a long black oil-skin waterproof with a peaked hat, well over my eyes, to protect me from the salt air, so they said, but in reality, I think so that I would not look so conspicuous in the eyes of a prying world. Life seemed hardly worth living.

Then, suddenly, things began to happen to me. It all started one day when the family had gone on a Sunday-school picnic. Mother said it would be too tiring for me, so she left me behind to play in the garden. I was busy balancing a ball on the end of my nose when a friendly-looking sea-gull came flying overhead and invited me to have a race with him. We had a whale of a time! Then Gully started for wide-open spaces and I followed to the top of our rockery to wave a fond farewell. While I was standing there, gazing after him as he dis-

appeared across the horizon, I heard a strange crackling sound, and looking down, found that the pinnacle I was standing on had broken away from Bergland proper, and there I was floating through the Atlantic on a private iceberg all to myself. I flipped my flippers, and flapped my flappers, and squealed for help. I wept salt-water tears enough to make the ocean overflow. In fact, great swells began to appear on the water, and gradually the sea became more and more perturbed. Then night fell, and a fog enveloped us. Suddenly, bump! bump! bumpity-bang! We had crashed headlong into an ocean liner! Bouncing off my icy seat, I toboganned at break-neck speed into the briny deep. I felt all at sea. I thought sure that was the end of me. But when I came to the surface, I found myself encircled by a great white rubber ring. The ring seemed to be attached to a rope and we were dragged through the waves and over the side of a little craft. At that point, I lost my grip on the slippery thing and slid to the floor, unnoticed, while a voice near-by said, "Shucks! I was sure I saw a head in that life-saver. Too bad, I lost him. Poor Chap!" So there I remained until we drifted into shore—until someone tossed me out of the boat with a, "Here, fisherman, I don't know where this came from, but maybe you'd like it for bait."

The fisherman looked me over and scratched his head. "Hm—a white seal! Well, well, that's a rarity. I think I'll stuff it and sell it to one of those tourist people."

Almost before I knew what was happening, I was on the operating table and my insides were being removed. But, somehow, the fisherman forgot to take my heart out, and so, when he put the stuffing in, although I was still paralyzed, I still could feel. My next move was to a store window where I reclined in best seal-like fashion while people stared at me.

One day, a man in uniform came in and said to the store-keeper, "Say, let me have that seal! That's just the thing to take home to my little girl in Canada." Accordingly, I was handed over to the major, and my next experience was a ride in a bomber to Nova Scotia, and from there a trip by train to Toronto. All along the way, people admired me and patted me kindly, and when we reached our destination, I was presented to a funny little girl in pig-tails, who made a great fuss about me and thanked her Dad a million times for bringing me to her. She says I'm a perfect pet, and says she even might take me to Branksome Hall some day to show me off to the teachers and her school-mates! So, after all, I am glad I was born a white-haired baby. I'm not a sad little seal any longer. I am now Sealia the Satisfied.

GLORIA LYONS,
(Grade VIII).

Teddy Koala

All naturalists agree that koalas are the oldest animals in the world, and it is thought that they came from Malaya when Asia and Australia were bound together by a bridge of land. That was many centuries ago, and koalas are fast becoming extinct. The name koala means "I do not drink", and this is true.

Koala Teddy was only two inches long when he was born in the sunny Australian bush. His parents lived their rather anxious lives in the country, far from any settlements. A road ran through their district, but this occasioned them no anxiety. They roamed through the bush until Teddy was five months old, and then he would climb out on his mother's back for a little while each day until he was old enough to learn to fend for himself.

One hot, summer day, his mother had just finished her afternoon nap. She wanted to forage for a meal, and she descended from the tree with Teddy clinging to her back. While shuffling to another tree they were startled by a black-snake, who, seeing them, at once came forward to attack. He reared up to strike, but as his blunt head darted forward, the mother koala ducked. The shock sent Teddy flying, and he landed stunned, in between two tree roots. At the second strike, the reptile did not miss, and in a minute the faithful mother lay lifeless on the ground, and the snake dragged her away.

When Teddy was left all alone, he uttered a mournful wail remarkably like that of a human baby. He had sense enough to climb a tree, and he stayed there till sunset and waited for the moon to rise. Then he slowly climbed down his tree and shambled away

There is nothing so beautiful as an Australian moonlight night in the bush. The graceful trees seem to become more than merely trees; they appear to impersonate living bodies. The leaves quiver, sending little darts of shadow everywhere. A party of settlers were travelling that night, along the rough cart-track. An old covered wagon was their only means of transportation. They were silent, not wishing to disturb the brilliant beauty of the scene. The only sounds were the creaking of the old wooden wheels and the weary clopping of the horses' hoofs. All at once, one of the men saw a little black shadow moving along the side of the road.

"What is it?" was the tense whisper that went around. The little figure advanced into the moonlight, and the travellers saw a tiny baby Koala looking, oh, so sleepy, and crying in little weary whimpers. Immediately a kindly youth jumped off the wagon and strode over to the terrified little Teddy. He gathered him into his arms and carried him to the shelter of the old car.

From then on, Teddy was the pet of the whole group. The only trouble was, food! At first he was content with a diet of bread and milk, but as he grew he needed other things. Everyday the men gathered a collection of different kinds of gum-leaves and Teddy chose his own.

The settlers travelled until they arrived at a suitable location for a village. Here they built their huts, and here it was that Teddy grew up. In comparative freedom, he grew to love the villagers. He lived in a beautiful blue-gum tree on the edge of the bush, and was often seen with a pretty little female koala, who afterwards became his mate, and they brought up a happy little family of koalas in the old blue-gum tree.

LUCY DECK,
(Grade VIII).

SPRING

Now the spring has come again,
Winter's gone away,
I always know it's springtime when
The birds come every day.

The garden is a sunny place,
With trees on either side,
The apple trees are white as lace,
The lawn is green and wide.

The lilac bush is full of bees,
The honeysuckle, too,
And every little gentle breeze
Brings out the flowers new.

ALLISON BROWN
(Grade V).

MY MAP

I have a little map,
I hung it on my wall,
And I can see Africa,
Asia, and all.

JOHANNA BROUGHALL
(Grade IV).

RATIONING

Gas rationing is such a trial
And when we want to go a mile,
We have to stop ourselves and say,
"I mustn't waste the gas this
way."

Tire rationing is just as bad
And he who hoards, he is a cad.
I think we all know what it's for
But, if you don't, it's for the war.

CAROL PENDRITH
(Grade VI).



MY VISIT TO NORWAY

When I went to Norway with my mother, I stayed at my uncle's on a farm. He lived in a house very different from ours in Canada. It was a wonderful house to me. There were ladders leading to the doors and small verandas on both sides. The rooms inside were fairly large.

I used to play with my little friend. We always used to wade in the mountain streams. The mountains are very high and beautiful and many streams run down them.

There were many goats and kids on my uncle's farm, and I used to play with them.

When it was time for mother and me to go home, we sailed from Goteborg on the coast of Norway. We stopped for a short time in England and then sailed for Canada, landing in Montreal.

GILL MASSEY
(Grade III).

**MY HOME IN SWEDEN**

In Sweden I lived for two years in Stockholm. I went to school every day. I was in kindergarten.

I had a little dog in Sweden and he was black and white. He would come to meet me on my way home from school.

I used to go and call for my friends sometimes. We would go swimming and play in the woods near by.

When I came to Canada my father took me to Branksome Hall. He took me to see Miss Read. She spoke to me kindly and then sent me over to Miss de Witt's class.

Since I have been at Branksome I have studied many subjects. They are Reading, Writing, Spelling, English, Social Studies, French, Art and Sewing.

JEAN BEACH
(Grade II).

THE BEE

I am not very big,
I am not very small,
I am not very short,
I am not very tall.

Some people don't like me,
It seems quite a pity,
My father was tall,
My mother was pretty.

Dear mother and father,
Alas! they were squashed,
But I'm not going to be, not me!
I am a bee!

PHILLIPPA SHARWOOD
(Grade VII).

THE BIRDS' LULLABY

Isn't it lovely to hear the birds
sing
Up in the trees so high?
Singing their songs of summer and
spring,
Just like a bird's lullaby.

NAOMI DE LANGLEY
(Grade V).

SUMMER SUN

O Summer sun,
Why do you shine so bright?
You shine in my bedroom window,
And make it very light.
O Summer sun,
You have a glossy gleam,
Just like a shining stream.

IONE JEFFERS
(Grade V.).

MY PEN

I have a little pen that writes
Every word I tell it.
It writes my name,
And where I live.
I'll never, never sell it.

JOAN HALL
(Grade V.).

**A PRAYER OF THANKS**

Thank you, God, for all the food,
Bless it to our daily use.
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you for our earthly king.
Thank you, God, for everything.

HEATHER HUGHES
(Grade V.).

EASTER

Easter, always makes me think
Of lovely little pink
Wee bunnies,
That briskly skip around,
Among wee tiny Easter eggs,
All hidden in the ground.

ROSEMARY ROBERTS
(Grade IV.).

GOOD-BYE

It was all over so quickly a kiss a tender whisper one last good-bye. She smiled bravely through her tears, as he waved a hand in parting. His mouth quivered slightly, but his head was thrown back with pride. This was the day he had so long expected. This was his day. It would not be long before he saw her beloved face again. Resolution echoed in his steps as he strode along. He had no need to be afraid. Today he had reached manhood . . . This was his first day at Kindergarten!

SHIRLE MILNER
(Form VA.).



THE CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Marion Hughes, Ann Nicholls, Sarah Symons, Mary MacMillan, Rosanne Parkinson, Alice Cochrane, Nancy Trees, Natalie Kemp.



THE SUB-PREFECTS

*Back Row:—Sonia Skinner, Patricia Hobbs, Rosanne Parkinson, Sarah Symons, Veronica Owen, Eve Beddow, Elizabeth Kinnear.
Front Row:—Suzette Livingston, Nancy Trees, Nancy Fairley, Natalie Kemp, Margaret Wilkinson, Ann Nicholls.*



THE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

*Standing: Mary Van Wyck, Jill Milligan, Bridget Gregson.
Kneeling: Elizabeth Kinnear, Ruth Beynon, Margaret Capener.*



THE CLASS PRESIDENTS

*Back Row:—Shirley Brown, Joan Butler, Robin Whyte, Nancy Furnum, Joan Adams,
Caroline Massey, Joan Frankel, Margaret Smythe.
Front Row:—Nancy Fairley, Helen Russell, Susan Davis, Sheila MacQueen, Margaret
Wilkinson.*

SPORTS

SWIMMING

This year there has been more enthusiasm shown for the Life Saving than ever before. At the end of last year four girls received the Award of Merit: Eleanor Coatsworth, Diana Griffith, Susan Davis, and Eve Beddow. This year there are seven candidates for this Award: Rose-Marjan Hartog, Rosanna Parbury, Peggy McKelvey, Joyce Cobban, Christine Dendy, Brenda Cruikshank, and Ann Irwin.

The following girls won their First Class Instructors Certificates: Shirley Young, Ann Irwin, and Peggy McKelvey. June Whitehead and Barbara Browne won their Second Class Instructors Certificates.

The girls who passed their Intermediate Tests are Elspeth Fairbairn, Nancy Frankel, Agnes Fairbairn, Anne Thoburn, Joan Southam, Ann Hargraft, Erica Cruikshank, Lucy Deck, Anne James, Helen German, and Marjory Rogers.

The Bronze Medals were won by the following: Anne Law, Brenda Cruikshank, Patricia Durand, Margaret Smythe, Patricia Bell-Irving, Elizabeth German, Jean Horwill, Cherry MacGregor, Rachel Rutter, Christabel Parbury, Marion Lewis, Jacqueline Dimock, Avis Bowen, Diana Beck, Joyce Cobban, and Sally Chapman.

SALLY CHAPMAN
(Clan McLeod).

BASKETBALL

The First Team

Captain: Ruth Beynon.

Team: Jill Milligan, Bridget Gregson, Elizabeth Kinnear, Margaret Capener, Mary Van Wyck.

After many weeks of practising, the First Team started off their season with a bang playing a close game against Havergal, the score being 31-25, in Branksome's favour. The next game was against Bishop Strachan and we were beaten 21-16.

Then we pulled up our socks and again beat Havergal, this time by 22-18, a close shave but a victory nevertheless. We then played a game with the Alumnae, who beat us 43-27. For our final game, we had the privilege of playing the girls of Laurel School in Cleveland, Ohio. This was a grand game, besides being a very interesting experience for us.

MARY VAN WYCK
(Clan MacGregor).

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING REVIEW

The 1942 Gymnasium Review was held in Branksome Hall gymnasium on Friday evening, April 24th. The review was opened by the singing of the school song by the entire senior school, followed by folk dancing, vaulting, tap and square dancing, and an exhibition

of fundamental gymnastics. The evening was closed by the singing of God Save the King, during which the girls were arranged in clans behind their chieftains and banners, with a row of prefects and sub-prefects around the outer edge of the room.

Owing to the lack of space in the gym., the Junior school held their review on Wednesday afternoon, April 29th. It was excellently carried out and much enjoyed by a large number of parents and friends.

It is hoped that conditions in 1943 will again permit the use of Varsity Arena for the Gymnastic Demonstration.

SHIRLE MILNER
(Clan Ross).

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has done very little work of an administrative character this year. This is a tribute to the very fine co-operative spirit which exists between the staff and students of Branksome Hall.

As the Council is composed of the presidents of all the classes, the juniors, as well as the senior forms, have a chance to express

their opinions. This greatly helps to unify and crystallize the school spirit.

SHEILA MACQUEEN
(Form VA).

EVENING PAUSE

There's a hush upon the mountain,
there's a hush upon the hill,
There's a hush upon the meadow
and the sighing trees are still,
There's a hush upon the woodland,
there's a hush upon the plain,
For the sun has lost her glory and
is leaving us again.

Oh, the singing stream is silent
and the birds their shrill songs
cease,
And the hillside is enveloped in the
magic cloak of peace,
For a while the willows whisper,
but once more the world is
hushed,
And the sky is glowing golden and
the clouds are rosy-flushed.

Yes, the sun is sinking westward
and the clouds are lined with
gold,
And, afar off, the weary shepherd
brings his sheep into the fold.
With that majesty so matchless,
great Apollo steals away,
And the last long shadows linger
as departs the dying day.

DOREEN MARTIN
(Form IVB).



THE BRANKSOME CAROL SERVICE

On Sunday, December 14th, the Branksome Carol Service was held at Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, attended by large numbers of relatives of the pupils, and friends of the school. The congregation joined in the processional "Oh Come, All ye Faithful," and at other times throughout the service.

The school, under the direction of Miss Shaw, sang numerous beautiful carols, often with the descant accompaniment of the choir, who also contributed several solo numbers. The juniors, also, sang several carols, including two in French, that were greatly appreciated.

The service closed with a Christmas pageant, displaying all the mystery and wonder that has grown up concerning the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, the final scene of the Virgin Babe being inexpressably beautiful.

The collection taken was, as usual, for the Christmas Baskets provided for poor families.

JEAN NORMAN
(Form VA).

VICTORIA REGINA

On Friday evening, April 17th, Victoria Regina was presented to an enthusiastic audience by a group of Senior School girls, capably directed by Miss MacNeill and Miss Reader Harris. This out-

standing play was a great success. Notable in their parts were Honor Pass as "Victoria", and Jill Milligan as "Albert". Their fine performances brought them the well-deserved praises of the whole school. Difficult of execution, picturing as it does the life of the Queen from her accession to the throne in 1837 to the Jubilee in 1897, the play was well performed, being in the best tradition of entertainment at Branksome.

1066 AND ALL THAT

On Friday, October 17th, the English girls, under the able direction of Miss Reader Harris, gave a presentation of several scenes from "1066 and All That". The play is a humorous take-off of English History, from the time Julius Caesar was compelled to invade Britain in 55 B.C.—"in the Olden Days, when the Romans were Top Nation on account of their classical education," to the "Indian Mutiny, which, however, bad as it was, was a good thing really, as it was the cause of Lucknow's being relieved by Generals Havelock and Ellis, and Lord Roberts got the V.C. and stayed on for forty-one years."

There was a part in the play for everyone who wanted to be in it. (There was a cast of ninety). The songs were old tunes with new words; every scene of it was fun, from the first rehearsal to the night itself, and I hope the audience liked seeing it as much as we enjoyed giving the performance.

ALUMNAE

The regular work meetings of the Branksome Hall Association have been held every Monday during the school year, except during the Christmas and Easter holidays, with an average attendance of twenty-three. Over five hundred articles were made for the forces and more than one hundred and sixty articles for babies and children. Thirty-eight personal property bags were sent to England and ten quilts were made from old socks and woollen pieces.

There have been four executive meetings during the year. At our first meeting, September fourteenth, plans were made for our most ambitious project, possibly the most ambitious undertaking of a social nature ever attempted by the B.H.A.A. This was the Portia White concert held November seventh, in the Eaton Auditorium. The gratifying results of this concert were that, with our timely help, a young artist is well launched on a most promising career and that the Alumnae Association cleared over seven hundred dollars in the pleasantest manner possible. This was our only appeal for financial assistance this year and the money has been allotted to the various requirements of our war work.

A new feature this year was the appointment of a Permanent Committee of Representatives. The members of the committee with the years they represent are as follows:

- 1903-08—Lillie Shannon Plant.
- 1909-10—Margaret Maclennan Smythe.
- 1911-12—Irene Martin.
- 1913-14—Louise Maclennan Whitehead.
- 1915-16—Marjorie Cook Proudfoot.
- 1917-18—Lois Howard Armstrong.
- 1919-20—Beatrice Martin Calvert.
- 1921-22—Catherine Hyde Phin.
- 1923-24—Evelyn Mackay Gerow.
- 1925—Mary Duff Wace.
- 1926—Marjorie Watson Tow.
- 1927—Christine Auld.
- 1928—Ray Cayley.
- 1929—Margaret Withers.
- 1930—Helen Stephens Howe.
- 1931—Donald Macleod.
- 1932—Ruth Stock.
- 1933—Inez Ante.
- 1934—Charlotte Deacon.
- 1935—Philippa Chapman.
- 1936—Betty Williamson.
- 1937—Nancy Stirrett.
- 1938—Joan Franks.
- 1939—Joan Mitchell.
- 1940—Gwen Norman.
- 1941—Janet Brown.

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

From now on, whenever possible, each graduating class will be represented by the Head Girl.

Miss Read entertained the Alumnae and graduating class at dinner Saturday, April 25th. After dinner Donalda Macleod addressed the graduates and welcomed them as members of the Association. Isabel Coulthard, Branksome's Head Girl, thanked her and introduced Elizabeth Fowler, Sheila MacQueen, Patricia Stockton, Gaynor Powell and Flavia Elliott, who told the Alumnae of various school activities.

The Annual Meeting was then called to order by the President, Mary Wardlaw, who gave a summary of the work accomplished during the year. Reports were read by the Sewing Convener, Treasurer and Secretary. The election of officers was then held. Before the meeting adjourned a very happy ceremony took place when Mary Wardlaw, on behalf of the Alumnae, presented Miss Read with the Doctor of Laws gown

which she wore when the degree was conferred on her by Dalhousie University.

Members of the executive for the year 1942-43 are as follows:—

Honorary President—Miss Read.
President—Mary Wardlaw.

First Vice-President — Laura Stone Bradfield.

Second Vice-President—Donalda Macleod.

Treasurer—Ruth Hamilton Upjohn.

Secretary—Margaret Withers.

Scholarship Convener — Jean Morton.

Sewing Convener — Daisy Robertson Gall.

Social Convener — Florence Kingsley Bastow.

Slogan Representative — Ainslie McMichael.

Committee: Grace Morris Craig, Florence Boyle Robinson, Marnie Milner, Catherine Bryans, Jean Lander, Isabel Coulthard.

GLADYS BILLINGS IRELAND,
Secretary.



Personals

Miss Read was in Halifax in May when the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, was conferred on her by her alma mater, Dalhousie University. We are all very proud that she has received this well-deserved honour.

The following Old Girls are living in various parts of Canada:— Barbara Ross Dixon, Vancouver; Virginia Piers Finch Noyes is in Victoria with her naval husband, and Catherine Wilks Hayward is in Yorkton, Sask. Mary Dickson Ringland, Margaret Boughton Mannix are in Calgary, and Betty Merrick Kettlewell and Joan Romeyn Birnie are living in Medicine Hat. Ruth Gibson Waaler is in Moose Jaw, and Patricia Gibbons Guy is making Winnipeg her home, while Marion Pirie Coleman is domiciled in Dundas, Ont. Constance Davies Wilson, Clare Keachie McDougal, Dorothy Trano Stoneham and Ruth Gordon Craig are in Hamilton. Montreal claims Jean Boyd Smith and Betty Hagmeier MacCarthy. The latest additions to the Ottawa Alumnae are Grace Ryrie Chisholm—there for the duration—Mary Roberts Hay, Dorothy Thayer Banwell and Suzanne Gaby MacBrien. Mary McDonald Bell Irving is in Trenton, and Jean Turnbull Hunter in Clinton. Mary Gibson Baylay is “at home” in St. John, N.B.; Gertrude Winger Macdonald is living in Rothesay, N.B., and Alice Livingston Kidd is in Moncton with her husband who is on Atlantic Convoy Patrol duty. Lena Ellis Morwick has returned to Toronto from Hamilton. Rachel Sheppard Devine may be addressed Midland. Helen McKim is now living in Port Arthur, and Jean McIntosh Swinden has lately gone to Fort William where she will in future reside. Jeanette McVicar Vila lives in Chippawa, Ont., and Barbara Waite Kee is making her home in Schumacher. Hazel Wilkinson Barrett is domiciled in Belleville, and Genevieve Inglis Harcourt in Gaspe, P.Q. Isabel Farlinger Debeney and Ann Bastedo Blaikie are living in Pembroke where their husbands are stationed. Margaret Burkholder Hilliard was in Toronto in February en route to Trinidad where she will reside. Charlotte Leitch Clements lives at Miami Beach, Madeleine Rogers Peers is now in Washington, D.C., and Helen Home Shenstone in Dayton, Ohio. Alice Unsworth is living in Hollywood, and Helen Unsworth Merrill in Glendale, Cal. Milliecent Raymond Baker is in Norfolk, Virginia, with her husband who is in the United States navy, and Janet Garfield Brown is in California to be near her husband who is with the United States forces. Harriet Taggart Pearse is domiciled in Key West, Fla. Jean McKee is now

Mrs. Daniel Greeley, she lives in Tacoma, Wash., and acquired a son the end of March.

Upon her graduation from the University of Toronto, June, 1941, Catherine Bryans won an award for contributing most to all-university activities. Jeanne Montgomery graduated in medicine April 17, 1942, and the following graduated in May from other faculties of Toronto University:—Marion Dietrich, Margaret Harrison, Marjorie Schuch, Joan Franks and Joy Mackinnon.

At University College, just completing their first year, are Ruth Aikenhead, Barbara Elliott, Margaret Emerson, Joy Ferguson, Kathleen Harbinson, Dorothy Hewetson, Leonore Koppel, Jean Nathanson, Shirley Shoebottom, Dorothy Turner, Joan Vanstone, Betty and Shirley Wells and Thelma Kerr. Thelma spent last summer studying at Trois Pistoles and received first prize for French diction. Marjorie Anne Sims and Peggy Purvis are at St. Hilda's. Peggy was a member of the team chosen by her college to compete in the Intramural Women's Swimming Meet, held in March. Audrey Lyons is taking the Modern Language course and plays on the freshman basket-ball team. Winnifred Clarke is also a freshman and plays on the team. Winnie finds time to help with the concert parties which entertain the troops and does some very clever clogging. Bernie Harris is taking occupational therapy. Shirley Smith is at the School for Child Study, and Elaine Read has just finished the first year in the School of Nursing.

Christine Pearse is attending Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue. Kathleen Everett is at the University of Manitoba, and Jocelyn Baker is a freshman at the University of British Columbia. Margaret Buller is also at University of British Columbia working towards becoming a lab. technician, and Norah Rendell is in her second year, Applied Science, at this same university. Nancy Bash who is a senior at Denison University, Granville, Ohio, gave special dance numbers at the annual dance recital held at the college in April.

Marie Parkes has been appointed to the position of Acting General Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Administration Council of the University of Toronto. Jean Ross was the general convener of the Victoria College Alumnae bridge and entertainment held in February. She and her committee "turned out an evening's entertainment such as Victoria has never seen before" to quote from the University Monthly for March. Joan Tamblyn was director of the U.C. Follies, the first time there has been a woman director. Leonore Kinghorn is president of the Beta Tau Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi Fraternity.

Betty Williamson is taking a post-graduate course in Teaching and

Supervision for Hospital Work at the University of Toronto, School of Nursing. Mary Young and Mary Burroughes are nurses-in-training at the Wellesley Hospital. Anna Marie Smart is a pupil dietitian at the Western Hospital. Kathrine Campbell is doing private nursing in Toronto, and Janet McCaig is nursing in Sault Ste. Marie. Trudeau Spencer is an occupational therapist in the Vancouver General Hospital and Madeleine Cantelon is a V.A.D. in a Vancouver hospital.

Constance O'Grady obtained the Governor-General's medal at the Prize Giving of the Ontario College of Art in May, 1941. Betty Piddington, Frances Tresidder and Eleanor Henderson graduated with honours. Pamela Pearse was also among the 1941 graduates. Francean Campbell obtained a musical scholarship at Mills College, San Francisco, and (Dr.) Macia Campbell has an internship in a California hospital.

Dorothy Hoyle was the chairman of the committee for the Course for Counsellors which was held in the Y.W.C.A. in March. It was sponsored by the Counsellors' Sections of the Ontario Camping Association.

In the secretary's report you will read about Miss Portia White who gave such a delightful concert under the auspices of the Toronto Alumnae. Miss White went to Winnipeg in March to sing for the Women's Musical Club. Elinor Stovel Meyer arranged a tea at one of the clubs to give the Winnipeg Alumnae the opportunity of meeting her.

Junior Commander Margaret Eaton, C.W.A.C., has been posted to Staff Headquarters, Ottawa, and Mary Barker is a Commandant of Division No. 1, C.W.A.C., London, Ont. Elizabeth Burruss is in England with the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, she headed the Canadians and was second in the class at recent examinations. Betty Jane Inwood is with the C.W.A.C. at St. Anne de Bellevue, and Mary Glendinning has charge of the supply depot of this corps in Toronto. Gertrude Carlyle is attached to the Calgary branch of this unit and is Second Lieutenant. She came to Toronto in April for a three weeks' Ordnance course. Gwen Prattis is also with the C.W.A.C. Haldane Goodeve is at Camp Borden, an M.T. driver. Peggy Waldie Lounsbrough and Elizabeth Trees are in Great Britain with the Canadian Transport Service Ruth Carlyle is overseas with number eight General Hospital, as physiotherapist. Louise Jamieson is a nurse attached to the British South Africa Military Service. Jean Crawford Smith is a member of the Red Cross Transport Service, Toronto. Katharine Waterman is with the Women's Army Corps in Montreal.

Dorothy Rason Lyon is joint head of all the preparation of equipment for donated blood as well as its bottling in the blood serum de-

partment of the Red Cross, Toronto. At first this vital work was handled only by technicians, now it is done by volunteers. Other Canadian cities followed suit and their volunteers are all trained in Dorothy's department. Helen Spencer Hughes has been organizing salvage collections in Welland where she is residing during her husband's absence overseas.

Margaret Morton Lightbourn is the head of the English branch of mail censors in Bermuda, and Frances Smith Zuill is the only woman member of the Bermuda Trade Development Board.

Nora Conklin made her debut at the Town Hall, New York City, on December seventh. The following notice of the concert appeared in the New York Herald Tribune:—"A debut of unusual promise was made by Nora Conklin, young Canadian contralto, in Town Hall last night. Miss Conklin's voice is an exceptionally fine one, rich and warm in texture, of great volume when employed full strength and of good range. There is no reason why she should not take her place among the distinguished contraltos of the day. Her delivery of the Handel aria disclosed an admirable sense of style and her florid singing therein was appropriately light in weight and clean cut. Miss Conklin may grow to be an artiste of genuine distinction." Lorraine Whalen gave a most successful recital at the Heliconian Club in April. Molly Slater was the pianist for the Branksome Hall operetta which was produced the end of March.

A royal blue rug, hand-woven by Nadine Angstrom, was presented to the Princess Alice on the occasion of a visit paid by Her Royal Highness to the Women's Art Association the end of April. Marian Morton has a studio where she carves and paints those very attractive birds which are worn as lapel pins. Grace Meikle had an exhibition of her pictures at the Arts Club, Asquith Ave., last autumn, and Janet Henderson held an exhibit of her paintings in March, at this same club.

Shirley Halsted is the Pro. at the Syracuse Figure Skating Club, Syracuse, N.Y. Elizabeth Ann McKellar was awarded third place in the Canadian lady figure skating championship held in Winnipeg in January. She took part in the Prince Albert carnival in March.

Lorna McLean Sheard, Florence Kemp Hammill and Mary Kingsmill are among those taking part in the Troop Show which is a weekly event at various army camps throughout Ontario.

Mary McFarland and Eleanor Hamilton are going to England with Dr. Blatz's party to help establish nursery schools. Joyce Bertram, Diana Hawkins and Louise Mackenzie graduated from the Margaret Eaton School, May 1941. Diana is teaching at St. Margaret's, Kirk-

field, Ont. Katharine Cannon, who graduated from Toronto University last year, has a post at Havergal. Helen Chitty goes to Ottawa June first where she will undertake a war job.

Charlotte Deacon has a position with the British Purchasing Commission, New York City. Margaret Pyke Henshaw is in Miss Ada MacKenzie's shop. Nancy Stirrett is in charge of publicity Toronto Art Gallery, and Helen Rooke is secretary at Ottawa Ladies' College. Lydia Phipps is in an office in Port Arthur and gives her spare time to the work of the Women's Transport Service. Clare Brown Harris is living in Los Angeles and is secretary to a well-known psychotherapist. Joan Dobson has an office position with the Hydro-Electric, and Anne Dobson is assistant secretary at Branksome. Gwendolen Plant, who graduated with honours in Modern History from the University, June, 1941, is with the Bell Telephone Co. Betty Marshall is also one of their employees. Beth Nelson and Mary Percy have office positions in Toronto, and Marcia Fowler and Rosemary Baker are working in Vancouver banks. Johanne Lockhart is in Simpson's book department, and Gwen Norman is with the North American Life Co. Mary Gall is in Eaton's "Thrift House". Jean Lander is with the Neighbourhood Workers as dietitian, and Margaret Wardlaw is resident worker in the East End Day Nursery.

Leith Hutchinson Fosberry is working in a munitions plant in Toronto, and Irla Mueller is working in one in Sorel, P.Q. Marion Thomson is an inspector in a plant in Brantford. Shurley Dickson has an office position with the de Haviland firm, and Kathryn Carlyle is with a firm in Bouchard, P.Q. Helen Akerman has a job in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and Natalie Campbell is teaching school in Arnprior.

Susan Smith Brown is in charge of the collection of magazines donated by Junior League Members to the Active Service magazine depot. Elinor Williams Lind was the convener of the Public Speaking course sponsored by the League for its members. At the annual meeting held in April she was appointed one of the vice-presidents. Kitty Morden is one of the "recorders" at the Red Cross warehouse. The warehouse deals with civilian clothing which is collected, sorted and sent to bomb victims. Ontario handles half of Canada's quota and Toronto's share is half of that. Helen Richardson Stearns is the Junior League representative to the Board of the Protestant Children's Home. Mary Kingsmill is in charge of hospital clinics and Eleanor Lyle case work.

Mizpah Sussex Lithgow went to the Pacific Coast last October and stayed over in Calgary with Margaret McQueen Heald. Flora Wakefield spent Christmas in Nassau, and Margaret Withers was in New

Orileans in March. Mildred and Aileen Winslow spent the winter in Florida and Isabel Cown Butler also visited this state in February. Dorothy Walkover went to California in January for a three months' sojourn, and Phyllis Van der Burg Thomas, who lives in California, and her small daughter spent last summer in Canada. Betty Stambaugh Stratton returned the end of April from spending some time in Jamaica where her husband was stationed. Mary Bates Lynch Watson arrived in Halifax from England in March and proceeded at once to Bermuda to join her husband. Mary Becker Grant is busy doing canteen work in Australia, the Canadian women who live in Sydney take charge certain days and endeavour to out-rival the Australian hostesses.

Dorothy Leeming Le Corbeiller, her son and husband managed to leave France, June, 1941, and are living in Cambridge, Mass. M. Le Corbeiller is professor of mathematics at Harvard. Kathleen Gunne Lewis and her two children were at Pearl Harbour when the Japs made their first attack and had a harrowing experience. Amea Brewin Willoughby, whose husband is financial assistant to the United States High Commissioner to the Phillipines had a thrilling escape from Corregidor to Australia. She left Australia in March and is now in Victoria, B.C.

The daughters of Margaret Mackenzie Hodgson and Dorothy Kennedy Smith are in residence this year, as are the sisters of Barbara and Jane Ross and Jean Stobie Osler and the nieces of Sarah MacGregor Findlay, Audrey Porteous Wimster and the late Maud Kern. In the day school are the children of Delphine Burr Keens, Catherine Northway Thcburn, Edith Burchell Strickland, Grace Morris Craig, Helen Richardson Stearns, Justine Campbell Richardson, Mary Johnston Magee, Virginia Gundy Thomson, Audrey Hewitt Massey and Ann Bastedo Blaikie, who also contributed a son to the Nursery School. Helen Holmes Broughall sends us another daughter, Rowena Harris and Barbara Sloan, sisters, and the nieces of Madeleine Chisholm Moon, Ruth Hamilton Upjohn, Margaret Aiken, Margaret Steele Blake, and Margery Watson Tow are also in the day school. Lucille Robinson Pratt's war guest is with us.

The following Old Girls visited the school:—Helen Gilman, Rochester, N.Y.; Margaret Essery Butler, South America; Elizabeth Ann Tanner Matthes, Cleveland; Barbara Spencer, Vancouver, B.C.; Dorothy Boughton,, Ottawa, Ont.; Kethryn Rowe, Prince Albert, Sask.; Marjorie Hazelwood, Winnipeg, Man.; Louise Jamieson, Durham, Ont.; Helen Spencer Hughes, Welland, Ont.; Mary Hendrie Cumming, London, England; Muriel Shewan Grant, Ames, Iowa; Bessie Webster Brown, Galt, Ont.; Gertrude Carlyle, Calgary, Alta.; Haldane Goodeve, Chatham, Ont.

Marriages

1941

- Jean Morton (Quebec City), to D. Bruce Rayside, March 15th.
Ruth Corrigan to Geo. Donald McKay, May 17th.
Florence Fraser to Gerald Drew Smith, May 17th.
Mary Clement to Eric. R. Edwards, May 22nd.
Jane Ryan to Ralph B. McDonald, May 24th.
Theodosia Burr to James H. Pitman, May.
Catherine Matthews to Arthur F. Cooper, June 2nd.
Margery Morton to Eugene F. Noel, June 7th.
Marion Ellsworth to Donald H. Rowan, Jr., June 14th.
Miriam Locke to Chas. Henry Barrett, June 14th.
Suzanne Sweatman to Wm. Raymond McNeillie, June 17th.
Jean Boyd to J. F. Caulfield Smith, June 21st.
Jeanette McVicar to Alan Parry Vila, June 21st.
Ruth McAllister to Gordon B. Humphreys, June 25th.
Gretchen Gray to Hugh M. Bedford Jones, June 28th.
Margaret Gibbs to Moore Jackson, June 28th.
Margaret Steele to James A. Blake, June 28th.
Mary Gibson to George Baylay, July 5th.
Caroline Morgan to Arthur B. Rothfus, July 11th.
Dorothy Edgár to Geo. Saunders Reid, July 16th.
Betty Becker to John S. Kilgour, July 19th.
Constance Pringle to John L. Wright, July 19th.
Eleanor Bone to Harold Ed. Dahl, July.
Margaret Mickle to William E. Allan, August 16th.
Elizabeth Boehm to A. H. Fitzgerald, August 29th.
Barbara Powis to John Michell, August 29th.
Kathleen Boyd to Jas. Albert Carter, August 30th.
Mary Dickson to John C. Ringland, September 1st.
Catherine Wilkes to Robt. A. Haywood, September 6th.
Mary Campbell Ga Nun to Dudley J. Lewis, September.
Muriel Hendry to Eric Dwight Chown, September 6th.
Helen Wilson Liersch to R. E. Hunter Ogilvie, September 13th.

Elizabeth Ann Tanner to Carl F. Matthes, September 13th.
Mary Nicholson to Geo. Morice Henderson, September 20th.
Betty Flavelle to Gage H. Love, September 20th.
Clare Keachie to John McDougall, September 20th.
Kathleen Harding Bell to James A. Gairdner, September 27th.
Eleanor Gibson to Kenneth J. MacGregor, October 4th.
Eleanor Smith to Eric V. Allport, October 10th.
Helen Stephens to Wm. Dean Howe, October 11th.
Twila Lounsbury to Garnet A. May, October 11th.
Betty Hagmeier to Arthur H. MacCarthy, October 18th.
Evelyn Baker to Austin H. Burch, October 18th.
Margaret Griffis to Norman D. Moffat, October 25th.
Margaret Kilgour to John D. Cameron, November 15th.
Hazel Wilkinson to Flavelle Barrett, November 15th.
Peggy Bell to Frederick M. Woolhouse, November.
Ruth Gibson to Per Waaler, November 29th.
Winifred Gibson to John L. Stewart, Jr., December 6th.
Genevieve Inglis to John G. Harcourt, December 6th.
Jean Stobie to Edmund Boyd Osler, December 10th.
Marion Miller to Oscar S. Straus, Jr., December 11th.
Peggy Marshall to Wm. O. Buchanan, December 27th.
Patricia Gibbons to Robt. Du Val Guy, December 27th.
Elizabeth Young to M. H. M. MacKinnon, December 20th.
Diana Marriott to John R. Irwin, December 30th.

1942

Marion Pirie to Jas. Rushton Coleman, January 17th.
Eleanor Wilson to Jonathan Britton Fisher, January 17th.
Suzanne Gaby to Wm. Ross MacBrien, January 24th.
Alma Skinner Mitchell to Chas. Leslie Owens, January.
Barbara Phillips to Douglas F. Cousins, February 7th.
Barbara Waite to Chas. Alex. Kee, February 7th.
Yvonne Cherry to Earl Edgar Foster, February 7th.
Audrey Porteous to Wm. Wimster, February 14th.
Barbara Ross to Howard Henry Dixon, February 21st.
Jean Turnbull to Harold Alex. Hunter, March 7th.
Mary McDonald to Gordon Bell Irving, March 14th.
Phyllis Pinder to Robert Wm. Thompson, March 18th.
Florence Kemp to Arthur Douglas Hammill, April 4th.

Kathryn Shirriff to John Marshall Reid, April 11th.
Catherine Meyers to Richard Ross McCleary, April 11th.
Joan Romeyn to Andrew W. Birnie, April 11th.
Elizabeth Henry to Gordon H. Dunn, April 18th.
Betty Ostrosser to Ronald Sanderson, April.

Births

1941

Margaret Burkholder Hilliard, a son, February.
Margaret Dunoon Bick, a daughter, March 13th.
Margaret Heather Pennal, a daughter, March 19th.
Frances Whitman Davis, a son, April 30th.
Roma Wilson Knapp, a daughter, May 6th.
Jean McLaurin Precious, a daughter, May 8th.
Lorna Somerville Crane, a son, May 9th.
Esther McWaters Ewart, a daughter, May 9th.
Betty Wheler Robinson, a son, May 14th.
Marion Breay Beale, a daughter, May 29th.
Harriet Taggart Pearse, a son, May 31st.
Margaret Henderson Tarr, a son, May 31st.
Jocelyn Boone McPhedran, a son, June 5th.
Norah Deacon McConnell, a daughter, June 14th.
Ruth Rutherford Kinnear, a son, June 18th.
Marjorie Bone Walwyn, a son, June 21st.
Lillian Kribs Mackenzie, a daughter, June 25th.
Bernice Andrews Bickford, a son, June 29th.
Phyllis Pattison Caldwell, a son, July 2nd.
Margaret Beck Margesson, a son, July 8th.
Mary Fraser Williams, a daughter, July 14th.
Ruth Hindmarsh Folland, a son, July 16th.
Margaret Henderson Corrigan, a daughter, July 17th.
Audrey Piddington Symnes, a son, July 17th.
Mary Wardlaw Edwards, a son, July 21st.
Elinor Williams Lind, a son, July 27th.
Caroline Bull Glyn, a daughter, August 1st.
Mildred Mahood Thomson, a son, August 10th.
Virginia Gundy Whiteley, a daughter, August 11th.
Doris Sweeney Price, a daughter, August.
Mary Trainer Outerbridge, a daughter, August 31st.
Katherine Plaunt Thomson, a son, September 7th.

Katharine Robson Telfer, a son, September 13th.
Wynifred Gentles Felton, a daughter, September 14th.
Dorothy Pattison Forsyth, a son, September 15th.
Joan Knowlton Ayers, a daughter, September 17th.
Rachel Sheppard Devine, a son, October 9th.
Virginia Piers Finch Noyes, a daughter, October 19th.
Barbara Dailley Ronisch, a son, October.
Edna Chown Morse, a son, October 19th.
Betty Wilson Auger, a son, October 20th.
Marian Plaunt Mahaffy, a son, October 24th.
Joy Thompson Hamber, a son, October 25th.
Mary McLean Stewart, a son, November 6th.
Jane Bastedo Dawson, a son, November 6th.
Lillice Read Le Roy, a son, November 15th.
Elizabeth Beck Boddington, a daughter, November 16th.
Wilma Bate Smith, a son, November 17th.
Norah Fletcher Raikes, a daughter, November 19th.
Sybil Jones La Borde, a daughter, November 28th.
Frances Smith Zuill, a daughter, December 1st.
Miriam Fox Squires, a son, December 5th.
Mary Becker Grant, a son, December 11th.
Viola Beauchamp Farrow, a daughter, December 11th.
Isabelle Bate Robinson, a son, December 31st.

1942

Jean McEachren Chubb, a son, January 2nd.
Margaret Davison Lathrop, a daughter, January 6th.
Mary Rowell Jackman, a daughter, January 6th.
Sonja Williams Bird, a son, January 17th.
Doris McClenaghan Land, a daughter, January 18th.
Elizabeth Brydon Dickson, a daughter, January 20th.
Grace Davison Gilpin, a son, January 24th.
Mona Le Gallais French, a daughter, January 27th.
Florence Wilson Thompson, a son, February 1st.
Phyllis Cook Carlisle, a son, February 18th.
Helen Shaw Thomson, a daughter, February 21st.
Frances Read Smith, a son, February 21st.
Margaret Boughton Mannix, a son, February 24th.
Margaret Lemon McKay, a daughter, March 9th.
Georgina Carman Bryden, a son, March 10th.

Doreen Donovan Sweeny, a daughter, March 12th.
Betty Piersol Campbell, a daughter, March 13th.
Jessie Davis Mackay, a daughter, March 17th.
Nancy Macleod Baker, a daughter, March 21st.
Dorothy Knowlton Russell, a daughter, March 22nd.
Natalie Barber Pearce, a daughter, March 23rd.
Dorothy Trano Stoneham, a son, March 29th.
Rosamund McCoy Butler, a son, March 29th.
Lois Brooks Harshaw, a daughter, March 30th.
Jeanette McVicar Vila, a daughter, April 5th.
Jane Ryan McDonald, a son, April 10th.
Alexandrina Donald Smith, a daughter, April 14th.
Jean Loblaw Dawson, a daughter, April 17th.
Alice Watson Fleming, a son, April 21st.
Nan McLaren Martin, a daughter, April 21st



DEATHS

1941

Flying Officer Peter Wm. Lochnan, husband of Jane Lumbers Lochnan, May 23rd.

Squadron Leader Richard Bickford, D.F.C., husband of Beatrice Andrews Bickford, August 30th.

Squadron Leader C. Bremner Green, husband of Marion Baillie Green and father of Betsy, October 3rd.

Bobbie, son of Bessie Webster Brown, October 26th.

Richard Douglas, son of Margaret Smyth Smith, November 12th.

1942

Mr. H. Scott Ritchie, husband of Jean Calvert Ritchie and father of Mary, January 1st.

Mr. Chauncey H. Bangs, husband of Dorothy Page Bangs, January 27th.

Mr. Douglas Pearch, husband of Marion Skeans Pearch, March 1st.

Major E. Brooke Baxter, husband of Jean Leishman Baxter, March 22nd.

Flying Officer Wm. Leslie Mackay, son of Jean Ross Mackay, and brother of Anna, March.

STAFF

Births

To the Rev. and Mrs. Donald Sinclair (Miss Mary Jones), a daughter, August 15th, 1941.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd A. Duchemin (Miss Carmelita Kinley), a son, January 12th, 1942.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leon MacCartney (Miss Dorothy Campbell), a son, January 13th, 1942.

To Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Stewart (Miss Margaret Jubien), a daughter, March 1st, 1942.

Deaths

Mrs. Leon MacCartney (Miss Dorothy Campbell), January 25th, 1942.

In Memoriam

1941

Joanne Horst, August 14th.

Mary Elliott McGucken, September.

Norah Deacon McConnell, December 6th.

1942

Marion MacIndoe Meredith, January.

Margaret Estabrooks Osborne, February 12th.

Nan Gooch Hutchinson, February 17th.

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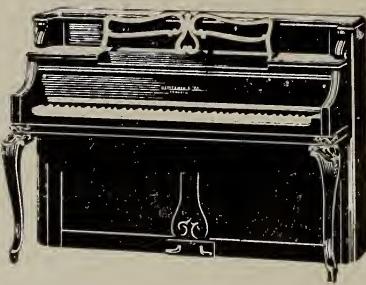
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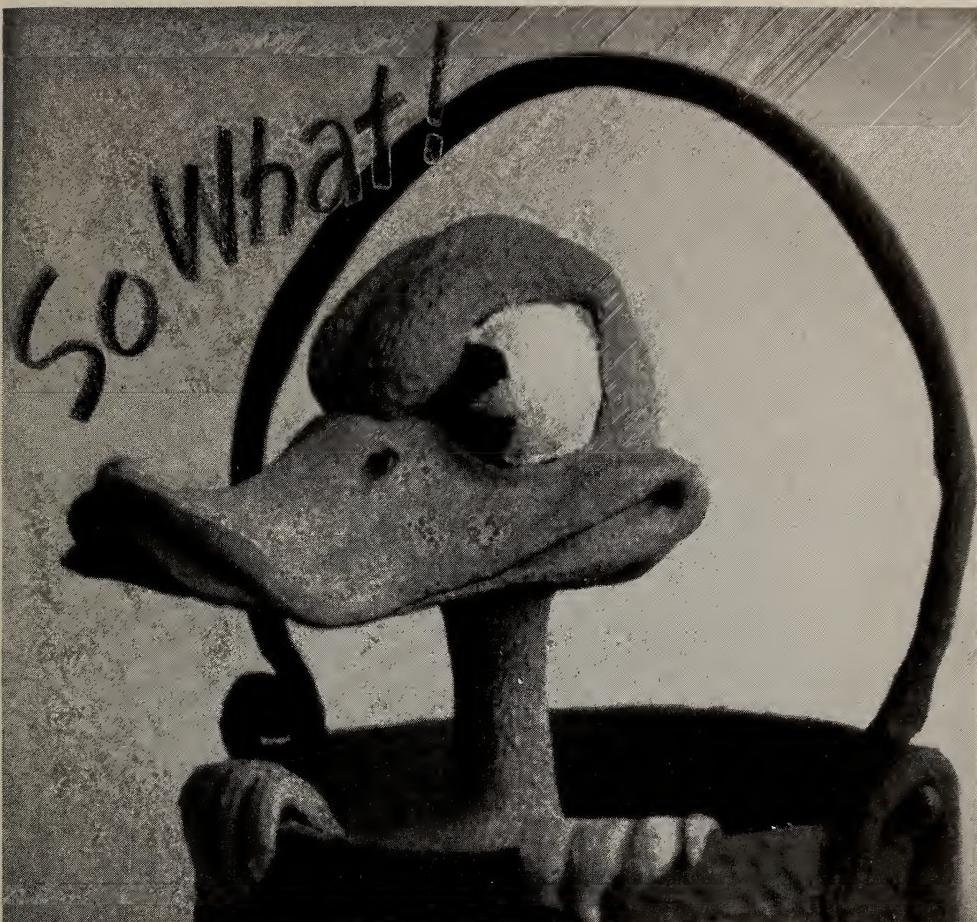
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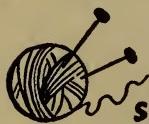
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